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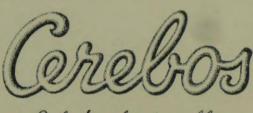


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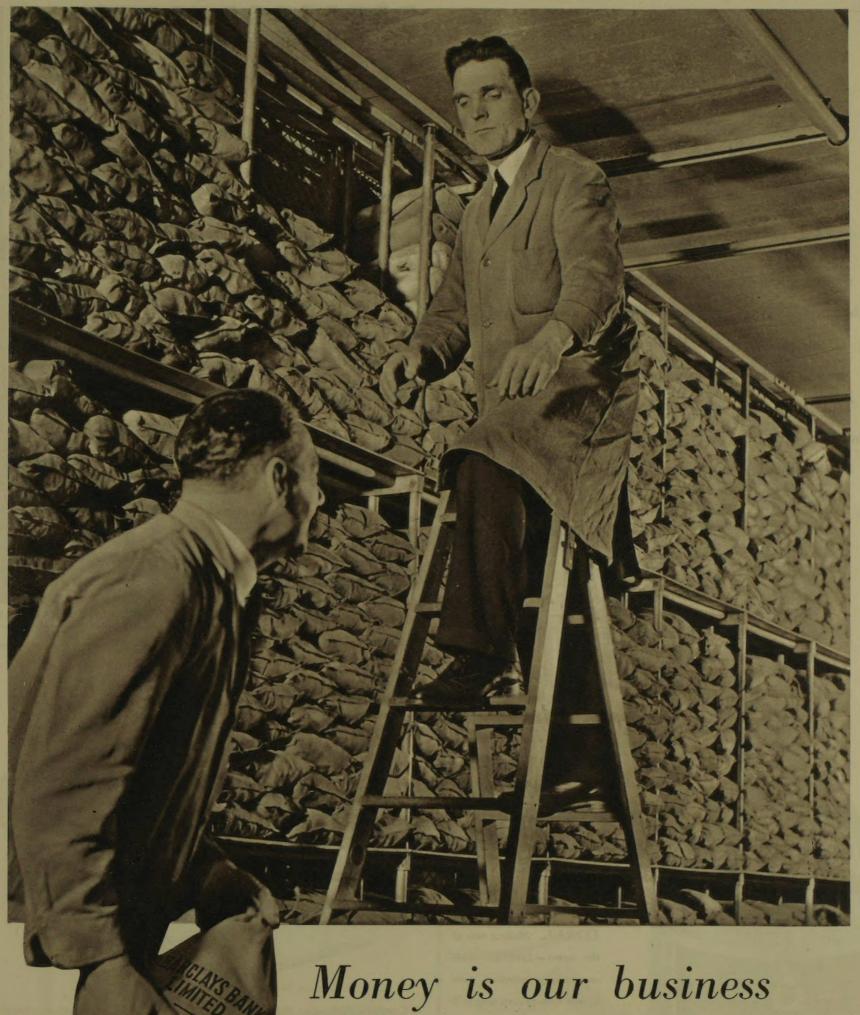


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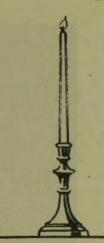
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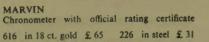
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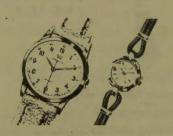


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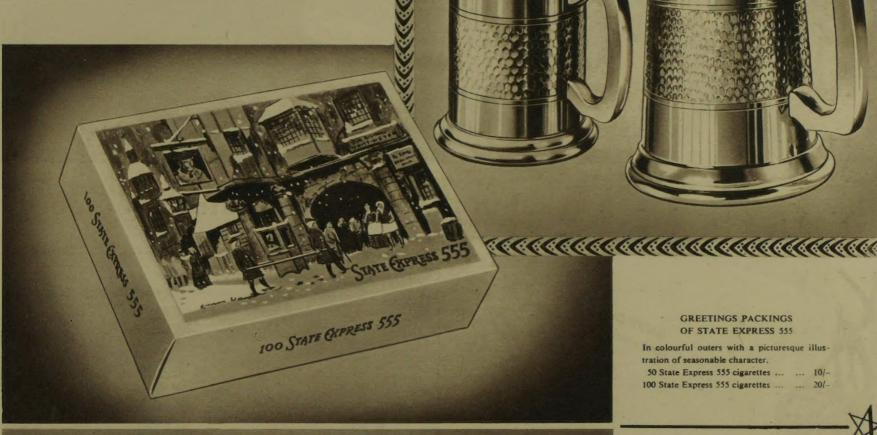
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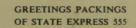
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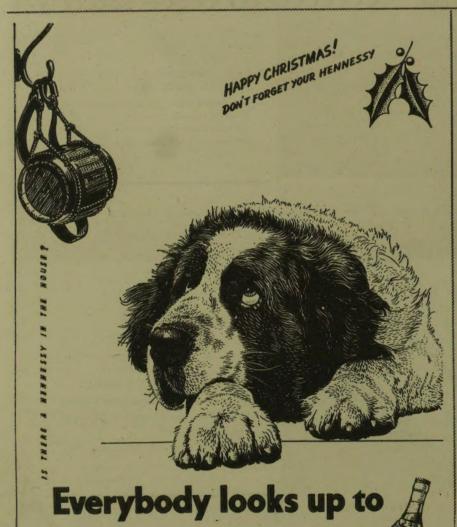
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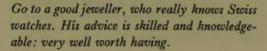
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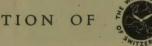
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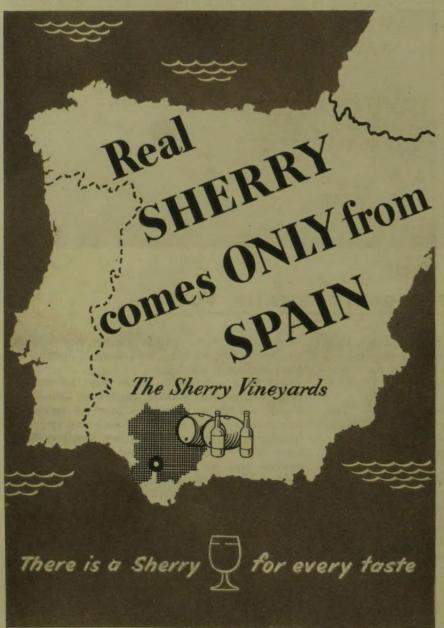
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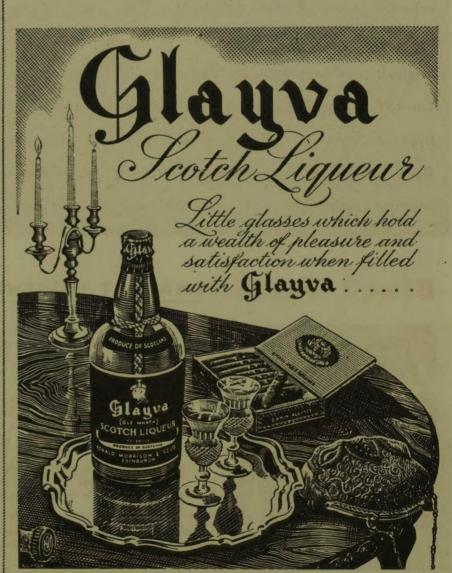
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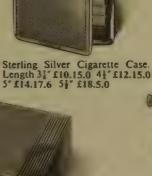
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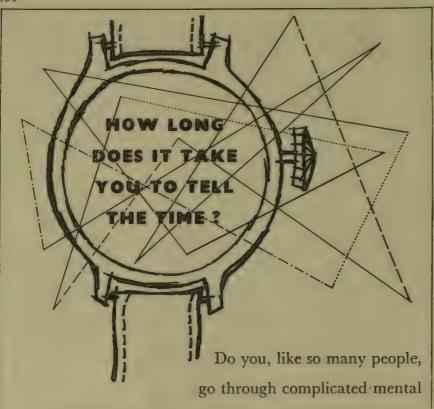
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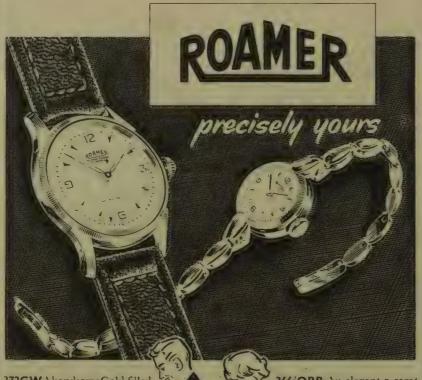
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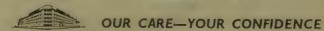
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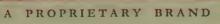


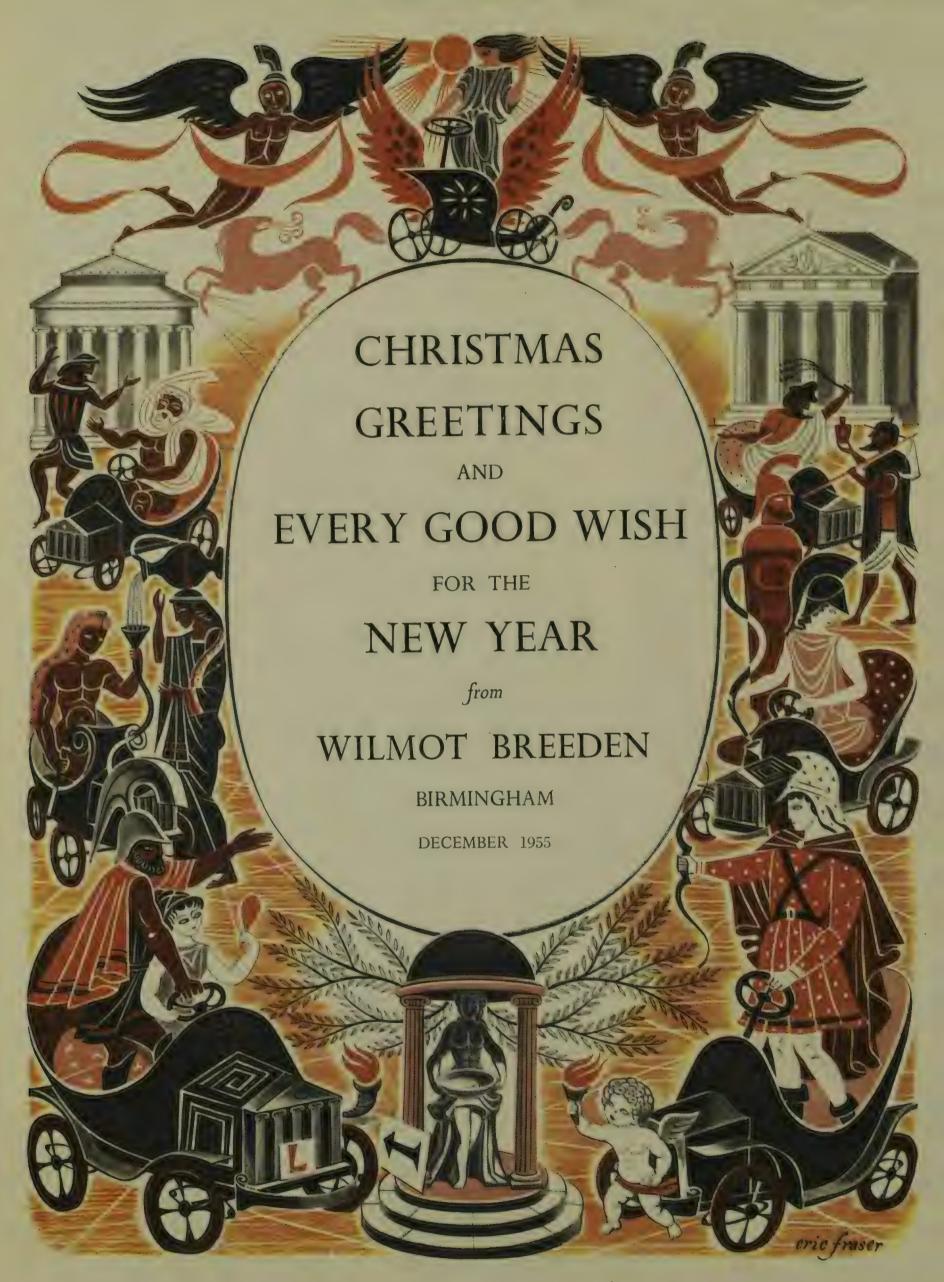
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TESTRATED TOBLES TOB

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SATURDAY, DECEMBER 10, 1955.



BLAZING FIERCELY AFTER CRASHING INTO THE REAR OF A GOODS TRAIN NEAR BARNES STATION: PART OF THE PASSENGER TRAIN FROM WATERLOO TO WINDSOR WHICH OVERTURNED AND CAUGHT FIRE, KILLING THIRTEEN.

At least thirteen people were killed and thirty-five injured when a Southern Region electric train, travelling from Waterloo to Windsor, ran into the back of a stationary goods train just outside Barnes Station shortly before midnight on December 2. The front coach of the passenger train overturned and, a few minutes later, caught fire. It burned with such ferocity that the lines beneath it buckled with the heat. Firemen fought the blaze, which had quickly spread to the other carriages and the

rear of the goods train, from the road bridge spanning the track. Before the fire engines arrived, however, the first carriage was burning like a torch in the darkness and many trapped inside it had died: others had been dragged to safety. The injured were taken to Barnes Station to await ambulances, and were afterwards removed to Putney and Kingston hospitals. Among the dead were the driver of the passenger train and the guard of the goods train.

THE BARNES TRAIN DISASTER: SCENES OF WRECKAGE AND FLAME IN WHICH MANY PERISHED.

WITHIN a fortnight of the Didcot train disaster, another terrible rail accident shocked people in this country. It occurred when the 11.12 p.m. electric passenger train from Waterloo to Windsor crashed into the rear of a stationary goods train just outside Barnes Station on December 2. Within minutes, the front part of the passenger train was ablaze, and many passengers travelling in the first coach were trapped. The disaster occurred almost immediately beneath the Queen's Ride road bridge between Barnes and Putney, and firemen arriving on the scene fought the blaze from the bridge, which was damaged by the rising flames. The fire spread to all four coaches of the passenger train and to the rear of the goods train. The driver of the Windsor train and the guard of the goods train were both killed; another motorman was dragged severely injured from the wrecked driver's cab by a policeman. Firemen and rescue teams worked for hours in darkness lit by arc-lamps and the lurid glow of the burning trains. The heat was so intense that part of the railway track buckled. The injured were taken to near-by hospitals, where fourteen of them were detained. When morning came, all that was left of the first coach of the passenger train was the scorched and twisted metal of the [Continued below.]

(RIGHT.) SCORCHED AND TWISTED BY FIRE: THE METAL CHASSIS OF THE FIRST COACH OF THE WINDSOR TRAIN, WHICH OVERTURNED AND CAUGHT FIRE, TRAPPING MANY INSIDE.





CLEARING WRECKAGE FROM THE TRACK AND REPAIRING THE DAMAGED LINES: BREAKDOWN GANGS AT WORK ON THE MORNING AFTER THE CRASH.

Continued.]
undercarriage; the wooden coach-body, which had caught fire so quickly and blazed so savagely, had been reduced to ashes. Breakdown gangs worked feverishly to clear the line of débris, to restore broken cables and to repair the damaged section of the permanent way. Twelve people were killed in the disaster, and a

thirteenth died in hospital a few hours afterwards. Among those who died was Mr. Bernard Crouch, a Surrey county lawn tennis player and an English international at table tennis, who played in the Swaythling Cup competition for the world men's team championship. Through Mr. Boyd-Carpenter, the Minister of





WORKING AMID HOSES, DEBRIS AND TWISTED CABLES: FIREMEN AND POLICE BY A BURNT-OUT COACH OF THE WINDSOR TRAIN AFTER THE FIRE.

Transport, the Queen sent a message of sympathy to the injured and to the relatives of those killed. The Minister himself visited the scene of the disaster on the following day and watched men at work clearing the track. At the time of writing, the cause of the accident was not known. A private inquiry by senior

officials of the Southern Region opened on December 5. The crash occurred within a few yards of Barnes East signal-box, which was not operating at the time, having closed for the night according to normal procedure. The next operating signal-box was that at Barnes Junction, on the other side of the station.



By ARTHUR BRYANT.

JUDGING from the newspapers—though the subject, so far as my very limited observation goes, is seldom the subject of ordinary people's conversation—there appears to be some demand for the disestablishment of the Church of England. It seems to come from two quarters, diametrically in every other matter opposed to one another. One of these is a group of ardent churchmen, mainly, I gather, clergymen, who resent the control over the Church—a spiritual institution—exercised by a secular State. The other is a rather indeterminate body of laymen, loudly represented by a few very powerful spokesmen, who either dislike the Church of England a few very powerful spokesmen, who either dislike the Church of England or Christianity, or both, and resent their tenets exercising what they feel to be an obscurantist and reactionary influence over the State.

Both these views, of course, deserve careful examination. It is easy to realise how galling and even repugnant it must seem to anyone who believes that all ecclesiastical preferment should be divinely inspired, to see Church appointments being made by laymen, and particularly, as is sometimes the case, laymen who are not themselves members of the Church of England, or even of any Christian Church at all. But, on the other hand, it is difficult or even of any Christian Church at all. But, on the other hand, it is difficult for a layman, and certainly for a historian, to believe that ecclesiastical appointments and preferments, when made by a "pure" Church unassociated with the State, are, ipso facto, divinely inspired or, at any rate, wholly so. Any honest and sincere attempt by a man to express the divine will may be described, I suppose, as partly inspired, but knowing how fallible men are, churchmen and laymen alike, it seems to me that under any circumstances human error is likely to be

as often an element in such appointments as divine guidance. There have been, after all, a good many clergymen in the course of any Church's history whose appointment or preferment could only be attributed to divine inspiration at the expense of being blasphemous. And the proportion of good and divinely inspired men holding high ecclesiastical preferment in the Church of England, where an element, though in reality only a very slight element, of secular control of appointment exists, is probably as high as in that of any other Church in the world. I do not for one moment believe as often an element in such appoint-I do not for one moment believe that the Anglican Bench of Bishops would be any better if the Church was disestablished, or, for that matter, any worse. It would almost certainly continue to consist of good, devout and able, but fallible, men doing their best according to the beliefs to which the Anglican Church subscribes

I appreciate, too, the opposite point of view. To a Roman Catholic or a Dissenter or a Jew it must seem, on a superficial view of the

seem, on a superficial view of the thing, unjust, and even insulting, that the Church of England should be given a superior position by the State to that of his own Church. Yet here again, on reflection, the objection scarcely seems very valid. To a Roman Catholic, for instance, the Church of England gains no increased sanctity or virtue by being a State Church. It remains an heretical sect, even though its bishops sit in the House of Lords and officiate at the crowning of the Sovereign. A Church, as a Church, can derive nothing at all from its association with the State. The State cannot make it more holy or orthodox or evangelist or spiritually effective. The most it can do is to pay or subsidise its priests' emoluments, confer temporal privileges on them, or help to erect and maintain its buildings. But these, even when dedicated to the service of the Eternal, are things of this world, and they neither, so far as I am capable of judging such matters, strengthen nor weaken the Church as such. The fact that a ruling King—what we should to-day call the State, with the power and wealth of the State behind him—built Westminster Abbey does not make the Abbey any less valid as a place of prayer and with the power and wealth of the State behind him—built Westminster Abbey does not make the Abbey any less valid as a place of prayer and worship. We deceive ourselves when we suppose it does, or that a Government grant to maintain its structure, or that of any other great ecclesiastical edifice, could of itself endanger the Church's work or its spiritual integrity and independence. A building to stand must have stone and mortar added to one another by human hands, and a priest to live must have bread, but provided the building is filled by worshippers and the priest's heart is full of the love of God and his mind of Christ's teaching, the fact that the mason or baker was paid for his labour by an atheist or a sinner does not appear to make any real difference at all. According to Christian belief, all men are sinners in any case, and if an unbeliever helps to create or maintain a structure in which men's hearts are turned to the contemplation and worship of the Eternal, he cannot be said to have done God or man any disservice by doing Eternal, he cannot be said to have done God or man any disservice by doing so. The fact that the patron of the living held by Chaucer's poor priest was an ungodly layman or a rich and worldly abbot would not have made him any less the good and worthy Christian minister he was. He would still have given of his substance "unto his poor parishioners about," and visited them on foot in rain and thunder, and shown them "by his cleanness how that his sheep should live." So would Goldsmith's curate in sweet Auburn. It

does not seem to me to matter what particular Christian Church acts as the official remembrancer and conscience of the State, so long as it is not a Church that regards it as its duty to dominate the State in the things that are Cæsar's, for if it does this, in disregard of Christ's precept, it will inevitably provoke a reaction that will injure the Church and bring the relationship of Church and State into disrepute—the main cause, as I believe, of the Reformation, which was in every other way a very great tragedy, for it broke that precious thing, the unity of Christendom.

No, in this as in other matters, it seems to me that we ought to try, as Dr. Johnson enjoined, to clear our minds of cant—that mental fog which forms so easily in all human minds the moment they cease to engage in

No, in this as in other matters, it seems to me that we ought to try, as Dr. Johnson enjoined, to clear our minds of cant—that mental fog which forms so easily in all human minds the moment they cease to engage in active and conscious thought. God is a spirit, and the communication between God and the spirit of man, if there be any such communication, is direct and exists independently of temporal circumstance. The things that are God's cannot be made more or less valuable by the things that are Cæsar's. But the corollary is otherwise; the things that are Gæsar's may be spiritually and morally enriched by the things that are God's. The Church does not gain anything from its association with the State, but the State can gain a great deal from its association with the Church. It does not necessarily do so, but it can and, in this country, has certainly done so in the past. That is why I believe in what our fathers called the Establishment, and wish to see it preserved. I have no doubt that so long as there were Christian believers, bishops and priests would still get their daily bread, even if the State ceased to protect the Church's endowments. But I doubt very much whether the State would respect the great principles of Christian justice and mercy and charity as much as it does if it ceased to have association with



VARIOUSLY DESCRIBED AS A UNIQUE EXPRESSION OF THE MEDIÆVAL RUSSIAN GENIUS, OR THE DREAM OF A DISEASED IMAGINATION: ST. BASIL'S CATHEDRAL, ALSO KNOWN AS THE POKROVSKY SOBOR MUSEUM, WHICH STANDS IN RED SQUARE, MOSCOW, CLOSE TO LENIN'S TOMB. St. Basil's Cathedral, with its eleven small chapels and its dozen enormous and fantastic domes, was begun in 1554 by Ivan the Terrible, used by the French as a stable in 1812 and in 1839-45 restored to its original form. The position of the Church in Russia is interesting. According to the constitution, religious beliefs are a matter of private concern, but from time to time the State appears to relax or intensify its anti-religious attitude.

ceased to have any association with a Christian Church and became purely secular. That is why Lord Chancellor Thurlow was probably not being quite as rascally as he is credited with being when he addressed a delegation of Nonconformists asking for a repeal of the Corporation and Test Acts: "Gentlemen, I'm against you. By God I am for the Established Church, damme! Not that I have any more regard for the Established Church than for any other Church, but because it is established. And if you can get your damned religion established, I'll be for that, too!" In other words, there is a virtue, and a gain both to Christendom and the State, in the very fact of establishment. The association of a Christian Church, any Christian Church, with the State helps to remind an organized society of the remind an organised society of the eternal laws that ultimately govern the world—of justice, love, mercy, truth and respect for the individual and which nations and men can

—and which nations and men can only ignore at their peril. It helps to prevent a Government—and, as a result, a nation—behaving as Nazi Germany behaved and as Communist Russia, so tragically for the world, continues to behave. And it seems to me that there are countries, and very important countries, on what we rightly regard as the free side of the Iron Curtain, which would be the better for some public and acknowledged association with a Church that proclaimed and taught the eternal truths enshrined in Christian teaching. It would help to keep them from intolerance, from witch-hunting, from bureaucratic tyranny, from mass commercial vulgarity and exploitation, from ideological and racial persecution and inhuman discrimination. The trouble, as I see it, with British government to-day is not that it is associated with an Established Christian Church, but that it is not any longer sufficiently associated with it. I should cution and inhuman discrimination. The trouble, as I see it, with British government to-day is not that it is associated with an Established Christian Church, but that it is not any longer sufficiently associated with it. I should like to see the teaching of the Church, and of all the Christian Churches, brought rather more into the realm of secular government than less. By this I do not mean that the Churches and their ministers should take any part in ruling us of framing our laws—a thing I should deplore—but merely that the great and enduring truths of which they are the guardians should be more publicly associated, as in the past, with the principles upon which government is based. Had, for instance, to take a comparatively trivial example, the Old Testament prohibition about moving a neighbour's landmark—and it is a very wise and sound one—been more generally taught and proclaimed, there would probably have been no Crichel Down. To proclaim, as we do in our ancient and deeply-moving Coronation Service, that the business of government is to "do justice, stop the growth of iniquity, protect the Holy Church of God, help and defend widows and orphans, restore the things which are gone to decay, maintain the things that are restored, punish and reform what is amiss and confirm what is in good order," is something which cannot conceivably do a community any harm, and which, if widely and frequently enough proclaimed, will almost certainly do it good. It was of this, and not of any narrow sectarian or doctrinal view, that the Duke of Wellington was thinking when he said that it was the Church of England that had made England a nation of honest men.

ROYAL OCCASIONS AT HOME AND ABROAD: ST. ANDREW'S DAY AT ETON COLLEGE, AND OTHER RECENT EVENTS.



(LEFT.) AT ETON COLLEGE.
ON ST. ANDREW'S DAY:
(L. TO R.) MR. R. BIRLEY,
THE HEADMASTER; THE
DUKE OF GLOUCESTER,
PRINCE WILLIAM OF
GLOUCESTER, THE DUCHESS OF GLOUCESTER, AND
MR. C. A. ELLIOTT, THE
PROVOST.

In the 115th Eton Wall
Game on November 30,
St. Andrew's Day, the,
Collegers beat the Oppidans for the first time
since 1949. Nearly 400
people, including the
Duke and Duchess of
Cloucester and the
Duchess of Kent and
Princess Alexandra, saw
them win by 1—0. The
day's programme included a meet of the
beagles and exhibitions
of art and photography.
Prince William of
Gloucester is now in his
second year at Eton, and
Prince Michael of Kent
is in his first half.



WARMLY CLAD AGAINST THE CHILL WEATHER: THE DUCHESS OF KENT AND PRINCESS ALEXANDRA WITH PRINCE MICHAEL AT ETON COLLEGE ON NOVEMBER 30.



THE ROYAL FESTIVAL HALL; PRINCESS ALEXANDRA BEING

PRESENTED WITH A BASKET.

On December 2 Princess Alexandra of Kent was present at a concert given in aid of the British Empire Society for the Blind at the Royal Festival Hall, in London. Our photograph shows a girl from the Gold Coast presenting the Princess with a basket made by a young African blind man. Princess Alexandra will be nineteen on Christmas Day.



DURING A RECENT VISIT TO HIS FATHER: KING BAUDOUIN OF THE BELGIANS (RIGHT) WITH EX-KING LEOPOLD AT THE LATTER'S HOME NEAR GRASSE, ON THE FRENCH RIVIERA. KING BAUDOUIN, WHO IS TWENTY-FIVE, SUCCEEDED HIS FATHER IN JULY 1951.



LEAVING ROMSEY ABBEY: THE QUEEN, WITH CANON NORRIS, FOLLOWED BY THE DUKE OF EDINBURGH.

The Queen and the Duke of Edinburgh, who spent the first weekend in December with Lord and Lady Mountbatten at Romsey, Hampshire, attended a service at Romsey Abbey with their hosts on Sunday morning. They were met at the church by the Mayor and Mayoress of Romsey, and the vicar, Canon W. E. Norris.



AT THE WEST INDIES HURRICANE RELIEF FUND OFFICES IN LONDON: PRINCESS MARGARET WITH THE CHAIRMAN, MAJOR-GENERAL SIR HUBERT RANCE.

On November 30 Princess Margaret visited the London offices of the West Indies Hurricane Relief Fund in the Strand. This fund was launched after hurricane "Janet" had struck Barbados, Grenada and northern British Honduras in September. The board shows that the total so far subscribed amounts to £64,114.



RETURNING TO BUCKINGHAM PALACE FROM SANDRINGHAM: THE QUEEN BEING DRIVEN THROUGH THE GATEWAY OF BUCKINGHAM PALACE BY THE DUKE OF EDINBURGH.

On November 30 the Duke of Edinburgh drove the Queen a hundred miles from Sandringham to Buckingham Palace in his Lagonda sports car through areas affected by fog—in some places the visibility was down to 15 yards. The sun had been shining brightly when the Queen and the Duke left Norfolk in the early afternoon.

THE RUSSIAN LEADERS IN CALCUTTA.



PART OF THE CROWD IN THE CALCUTTA MAIDAN WHICH HEARD SPEECHES FROM THE RUSSIAN LEADERS. ON THIS OCCASION MR. NEHRU AFFIRMED INDIA'S FRIENDSHIP WITH BRITAIN.



VISITING THE BOTANICAL GARDENS IN CALCUTTA: (LEFT) MARSHAL BULGANIN AND MR. KHRUSHCHEV ON EITHER SIDE OF MR. ROY, THE CHIEF MINISTER.



A CHEERING CROWD OF INDIANS THRONGING A STREET IN CALCUTTA, DURING THE CITY'S GREETING ON NOVEMBER 30 TO MARSHAL BULGANIN AND MR. KHRUSHCHEV.

The visit of Marshal Bulganin and Mr. Khrushchev to India, which began on November 18, ended on December 1 when they left Calcutta by air en route for Burma, where they began their visit at Rangoon. The principal places they had visited in India were: Delhi, where on November 21 both made violent attacks on the Western Powers in speeches to the Indian Houses of Parliament; Bombay, where, on November 24, Mr. Khrushchev in a speech accused the Allies of starting the war and sending German forces against Russia; and Madras, where, on November 29, Marshal Bulganin made a long attack on "colonialism"; and Calcutta, where, after a speech by Mr. Khrushchev, in which he claimed that the Western Allies were not supporting Russia in an attempt to ban atomic weapons. Mr. Nehru said that since achieving independence India bore the British no hostility.

THE COMET III.'s RECORD FLIGHT.

On her first oversea proving flight the prototype Comet III. G-ANLO left Hatfield at 10.54 a.m. on December 2 and landed at Sydney Airport at 5.09 p.m. (local time) on December 4, having covered a distance of some 12,000 miles in a total flying time of 24 hrs. 23 mins.—the best previous time for a commercial aircraft being 44 hrs. 23 mins. (by a Qantas Constellation in June 1953). The flying times for the successive stages were: Cairo, 5 hrs. 5 mins; Bombay, 5 hrs. 10 mins.; Singapore, 5 hrs. 15 mins.; Darwin, 4 hrs. 38 mins.; Sydney, 4 hrs. 15 mins. The Comet III. is powered with four Rolls-Royce Avon 26 engines and among the eleven technicians in the crew on this flight was a representative of Rolls-Royce, the other technicians being from de Havillands. With him Group Captain Cunningham had Mr. P. Bugge as co-pilot; Captain A. P. W. Cane of B.O.A.C. and Captain I. Ralfe of Qantas Empire Airways. No record was attempted on the flight, although one was made, and the aircraft flew to a commercial schedule.



THE COMET III. PROTOTYPE, G-ANLO, WHICH REACHED SYDNEY FROM LONDON IN A TOTAL FLYING TIME OF 24 HRS. 23 MINS., IN HER FIRST OVERSEA PROVING FLIGHT.



GROUP CAPTAIN JOHN CUNNINGHAM (FOURTH FROM LEFT) WHO FLEW THE COMET III. FROM LONDON TO SYDNEY, WITH THREE OTHER PILOTS AND ELEVEN TECHNICIANS.



PART OF THE CROWD, ESTIMATED AT 35,000, WHICH GREETED THE COMET III. AT SYDNEY, AND, INDEED, BY ENCROACHING ON THE RUNWAY PREVENTED ITS LANDING FOR 26 MINUTES. FIREMEN USED HOSES 10 KEEP THE CROWD BACK. (Photograph by Radio.)



EXAMINING FRAGMENTS OF A GRENADE WHICH EXPLODED, INJURING FOUR AT A DANCE IN NICOSIA: MILITARY PERSONNEL AT THE LEDRA PALACE HOTEL, WHERE THE INCIDENT OCCURRED.

TROOPS GO BACK TO SCHOOL: BRITISH SCHOOLCHILDREN IN NICOSIA TAKING THEIR LESSONS WHILE ARMED SOLDIERS STAND GUARD IN CASE OF TERRORIST ATTACKS.

CYPRUS IN A STATE OF EMERGENCY: LIVES AND PROPERTY GUARDED AND A VILLAGE PUNISHED.



GATHERED TOGETHER FOR INTERROGATION: STAFF AT THE LEDRA PALACE HOTEL, WHO WERE ON DUTY WHEN THE EXPLOSION OCCURRED, UNDER ARMED GUARD.



GUARDING AN AMMUNITION DUMP AGAINST TERRORIST SORTIES: ALSATIAN WATCH DOGS, BROUGHT FROM BRITAIN, WITH THEIR R.A.F. HANDLERS.



CHRISTMAS SHOPPING WITH A STEN GUN: A WARRANT OFFICER AND A SERGEANT WALK WARILY IN NICOSIA, TROOPS DO NOT GO ABOUT SINGLY.



A VICIOUS ACTION THAT WILL COST A VILLAGE £2000. THE RUINS OF A POST OFFICE BURNED BY SCHOOLCHILDREN. THEIR COMMUNITY WILL PAY FORFEIT.

After a state of emergency in Cyprus was proclaimed on November 26, outbreaks of terrorism, temporarily at least, diminished. The worst episode, in which a grenade was exploded in the ballroom of the Ledra Palace Hotel, in Nicosia, during a St. Andrew's Day dance, occurred only a few hours after Sir John Harding's proclamation. Four people were slightly hurt in this attack; the hotel staff were closely interrogated. Consequent with the state of emergency, British forces in Cyprus were placed on a wartime footing on November 28. Stringent precautions were taken to safeguard British children attending school from terrorist attacks, and strong guards were posted on military installations and ammunition dumps.



THE VILLAGE HAS A BAD RECORD OF VIOLENCE.

A Cypriot was charged with discharging a firearm without lawful authority, for which the penalty under the emergency regulations can be death. On December 3, Greek Cypriot schoolboys burned down a small post office in the village of Lefkoniko, whereupon Sir John Harding visited the village and informed the elders that a collective fine of £2000 would be imposed on the adult males of the village, which has a bad record of violence. The money will be used to build a new post office. On December 4, customs officers at Limassol found arms and ammunition—including Thompson sub-machine-guns, Sten guns and hand grenades—among a consignment of books sent from Greece to a Cypriot bookseller, who was later arrested.

JOHNSON BEFORE BOSWELL.

"YOUNG SAMUEL JOHNSON"; By JAMES L. CLIFFORD.*

An Appreciation by SIR JOHN SQUIRE.

THOSE who airily assume that Johnson owes his enduring fame solely to Boswell, are prone to

overlook the facts that even in his own period there were other friends beside Boswell, such as Sir John Hawkins and Mrs. Thrale, who set down vivid memories of the man, his bearing and his moods, and that there is a great deal of him in his surviving letters and "works." "Johnson without Boswell" could be quite impressive even did it not include anything discovered or first printed during the last century. There is even a fragment of auto-There is even a fragment of auto-biography, carrying the Doctor up to his eleventh year, which was un-known to Boswell when he wrote, but was published in 1805, and republished by that great John-sonian, Birkbeck Hill, in 1897. But modern research has continuously revealed materials for a fuller "Life" than Boswell's. Boswell's own voluminous papers, disinterred from Castle Malahide by Lieut.-Colonel Isham, and now in safe keeping and subject to reverent editing, at Yale University, have disclosed a good deal which he did not use. And then, all else apart, there are the products of the intensive researches of the late Aleyn Lyell Reade, published as "Johnsonian Gleanings" in

I read almost all those volumes as they came out, and still in recollection reel at the thought of the author's industry and devotion. I forget if he had a tenth cousinship with Johnson, had a tenth cousinship with Johnson, or was merely descended from people who served with Johnson's father, Michael, the bookseller, on the Lichfield Corporation. But there was no doubt about his single-mindedness. Any family which had any relation at all with the Lichfield magnates of Johnson's tother's time was exciting to him and father's time was exciting to him; and, in pursuit of the tiniest facts about his hero's background, he showed the indefatigable resolution of a termite or a warrior ant. At times, I admit, he bewildered and fatigued me; I am not, after all, a Lichfield, or even a Staffordshire, man, and I cannot be easily held by the pedigrees of Aldermen not resident in the County of my origin. But he did produce facts for later workers in the Johnsonian field, and some of them very remarkable. One of the most famous epi-sodes in the history of English Literature is that which deals with the relationship

eleven volumes between 1909 and 1952.

waited in vain, hoping for patronage, in Chesterfield's ante-chamber; when the grace Diation ante-chamber; when the great Dictionary was complete, Chesterfield (no mean wielder of words) was willing to be the dedicatee, and Johnson wrote the memorable epistle about a patron being a man who complacently watched a person looking like drowning, and offered him assistance profusely when he reached the bank. This was not the sort of reply which an eighteenth-century nobleman expected from an author; the common form

was not the sort of repay which are eighteenth-century nobleman expected from an author; the common form was expressed by a writer, whose book was possessed by me until Hitler got to work, and who declared to his patron that he united "the virtues of Dives with those of Lazarus." And I think, though I bow before Johnson, that Johnson may have been wrongly impetuous there. Chesterfield may never have known that Johnson was waiting. What neither party knew was that they were distantly connected.

This is where Mr. Reade comes in. Professor Clifford remarks about a conversation between Johnson and Powell, about Chesterfield: "What did they talk about, this ill-matched pair, on those few occasions when they were together? Language, mostly. When Boswell queried, 'Did you find, Sir, his conversation to be of a superior style?' Johnson replied, 'Sir, in the conversation I had with him I had the best right to superiority, for it was upon philology the best right to superiority, for it was upon philology and literature.' Yet they also had a few personal ties. They could scarcely have failed to discuss the longlamented Parson Ford [Johnson's cousin], who had

been Chesterfield's friend and chaplain. One topic they undoubtedly did not broach was that they were distantly connected by marriage. It is

safe to say that neither had any idea that Chesterfield's younger brother was married to Johnson's cousin's wife's great-niece!" But in that age it wasn't unlikely. I remember that that great genealogist, Oswald Barron, who, because of his unique knowledge, was appointed Extra Maltravers Herald for the Coronation of King George V., saying to me: "Everybody in England, except for Jews, Gypsies and recent immigrants, is descended from King John." However. Professor Clifford

became congealed, his intelligence was of a high order, and as a literary stylist he was of the first rank."

Amongst the exaggerations which this fascinating book should dispel are those which deal with the alleged squalid poverty of John-son's early days. He knew poverty, and bitter poverty, as a young man, when he some-times hadn't pence (all that were then necessarily involved) for a meal

volved) for a meal
or a bed: he and
Dick Savage, penniless, walked round St. James's
Square all one night, and ended by vowing that they
would stand by their country—which is more than
some modern Front-Benchers have done. But the
legend of the "bankrupt bookseller's son" who scraped
through Oxford for a year; and came down with his
toes jutting out from holes in his shoes, has been
grossly overdone. His father, Michael
Johnson, did ultimately go bankrupt, as
I think Shakespeare's father did. But he
had "had his day": like Shakespeare's
father, he had held in his native town,
not far from Shakespeare's, a position
equivalent to that of a modern mayor,

equivalent to that of a modern mayor, and, when he fell upon evil days, his fellow-citizens expressed their feelings in "the appropriate manner." And Samuel went to Oxford in the belief that he would be seen through: when he came down he may have had holes in his shoes, but he certainly left behind him, afterwards collected, an adequate

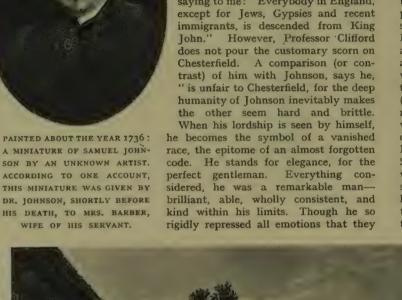
library.
On these early days Professor Clifford throws great illumination. He has collected much from various sources, collected much from various sources, and he has discovered some things on his own. He ends his book with the publication of "The Vanity of Human Wishes," in 1749, when Johnson was forty. "Johnson," he says, "could scarcely have guessed what was in store for him. He could have had no premonition of the brilliant social life at Streatham or in the London life at Streatham or in the London blue-stocking assemblies. Only in his fondest dreams would he have imagined

a personal meeting with the King, or an honorary doctor's degree from the university he had attended only thirteen months and left because his toes were sticking out from his shoes. But most astonishing of all would have been the knowledge that a Scottish boy of eight in far-off Edinburgh was preparing to assist him towards immortality. Jamie Boswell, conning his lessons in his father's house in Parliament Close, was also on his way towards lasting fame. Two lines were slowly converging towards that historic meeting in Tom Davies's back parlour."

Professor Clifford has done his best to supplement Johnson's Life before the Scots boy came into it. His book, nor any book, can give us Johnson's Early Life as Boswell gives us Johnson's Later Life. Boswell, late and intermittent though his contacts with Johnson were, recorded for all time his hero, his hero's surroundings, his hero's friends: he had the dramatist's surroundings, his hero's triends; he had an english of revealing character through dialogue, and gift of revealing character through dialogue, and gift of revealing character through dialogue, and gift of revealing character through dialogue, and recorded it as though he were a microphone. But, though Johnson can never have a Boswell, who knew him and his friends and the atmosphere he spread, in his early days, Professor Clifford has gone as near as any man could to bringing to life those early years of the publicational days.

of one of the noblest and bravest of Englishmen.

I am a Johnsonian. I revere the man. I may
differ from him on certain points: if I do, he will probably bang me into insensibility, as was his custom. But I am certain that to the end of my days I shall cherish Professor Clifford's book about one of the most courageous and honest Englishmen who ever lived.





"AT THE BEGINNING OF 1717, WHEN HE WAS ALMOST SEVEN AND A HALF, HE ENTERED THE LICHFIELD GRAMMAR SCHOOL": THE SCHOOL AT WHICH SAMUEL JOHNSON LEARNED TO READ AND WRITE LATIN AND WAS INTRODUCED TO THE PRINCIPAL GREEK AND ROMAN CLASSICS. THE BUILDING WAS OPPOSITE THE ANCIENT HOSPITAL OF ST. JOHN. Drawn after Johnson's time by John Buckler, engraved by Charles J. Smith.



SAMUEL JOHNSON'S FATHER: MICHAEL JOHNSON, A BOOK-SELLER IN LICHFIELD, WHO WAS FIFTY-TWO, AND HIS WIFE OVER FORTY, WHEN SAMUEL—THEIR ELDER SON—WAS BORN ON SEPTEMBER 7, 1709.

Engraved in 1835 by E. Finden from a drawing then in the possession of the publisher, John Murray.

• "Young Samuel Johnson." By James L. Clifford. Illustrated. (Heinemann; 30%.)

Novels are reviewed by K. John, and other books by E. D. O'Brien, on page 1027 of this issue.

CROSSING THE LAWNS WHERE KING GEORGE V. WALKED: SOME OF THE GIRLS WHO ARE ESTABLISHING A TRADITION BY ATTENDING AN ENGLISH FINISHING SCHOOL.



LEISURE-TIME AT COMPTON PARK: IN THE COMMON ROOM, GIRLS KNIT, SEW OR WRITE LETTERS HOME, "HOME" CAN MEAN ANY ONE OF SEVENTEEN DIFFERENT COUNTRIES.



A LESSON IN A PORTRAIT GALLERY: STUDENTS LEARN THE COMPLEXITIES OF ENGLISH SYNTAX SURROUNDED BY FAMILY PORTRAITS OF THE DUKES OF DEVONSHIRE.

For years it has been fashionable for English parents to send their daughters to finishing schools abroad; with the opening last year of the Language Tuition Centre's Ladies' College of English at Compton Park, Eastbourne, the process is seen in reverse. This 200-year-old house, until recently the home of the Dukes of Devonshire, is now inhabited by some hundred young ladies, between the ages of sixteen and twenty-one, from seventeen different countries, who have come there to learn something of the English language, culture and way of life. Many British girls also are students, for apart from its general curriculum it offers special courses, including modern languages, and bridges the gap between

A FINISHING SCHOOL IN A DUCAL HOME—WHERE KING GEORGE V. CONVALESCED.



A DORMITORY WITH A DIFFERENCE: FOUR STUDENTS SLEEP IN THIS ROOM WITH CARVED WALLS AND CEILING IN A HOUSE 200 YEARS OLD.



DESCENDING THE FINE CARVED STAIRCASE IN WHAT WAS ONCE A DUCAL HOME: THE PRINCIPAL OF COMPTON PARK, MISS ANN THOMAS, M.A.

school life and their future training or careers. The staff are highly-qualified specialists; the Principal is Miss Ann Thomas, M.A. Lessons are given in magnificent rooms, some hung with family paintings of the Dukes of Devonshire. Most of the original house remained unaltered for its new rôle; two notable changes are the modernised dining-room and the improved lighting. There are 33 acres of splendid grounds, including lawns where King George V. sat while recuperating at Compton Park after his illness. In such surroundings, girls from foreign countries could hardly fail to have very pleasant memories of their finishing course in England.

GREAT deal of detail on the back-

A GREAT deal of detail on the background of war which was not included in the historical material known to Clausewitz is now available to us. We are aware that when he wrote of medieval armies living on the country he was making a very broad generalisation and that in many cases they made relatively elaborate arrangements for supply and transport. Nevertheless, like everything clse in war, these functions have steadily developed and become more specialised and more complex. In the First World War they became colossal in scope. In the Second, troop concentrations on given frontages were nearly always less dense, but on the other hand equipment was greatly expanded and the speed demanded by more mobile operations enormously increased the amount of transport and the problems of maintenance. Our own Royal Army Service Corps was a highly efficient service. It had been the pioneer in the mechanisation of the Army, and, though it suffered like the rest from lack of preparedness for war, was generally rather ahead of the more strictly combatant arms in this respect.

It has now produced its Second World War history, an anonymous work by a number of hands, but remarkably—perhaps it would be impolite to say unexpectedly—readable.* It is a full work, running with its appendices and index to well over 700 pages, with some twenty maps and several times as many illustrations. It opens with the reorganisation which took place towards the end of the nineteen-twenties. Hitherto the Corps had stood outside the general pattern in the chain of staff control, manning, and training. It was not connected to the War Office directorates controlled by the General Staff and the Adjutant-General. It was also without the nuclei of some units which it would need in time of war. The value of remedying this last weakness is obvious, but the reform of the earlier ones, though less clear at first sight, was equally important. A new spirit was created, which proved a precious element in war.

Once or twice during the Second World War, I was give



By CYRIL FALLS,

Sometime Chichele Professor of the History of War, Oxford.

theatres such as North-West Europe and Italy were amply provided for, but improvisation was still needed in a remote and low-priority theatre such as Burma. Yet Burma has the record of the pioneer theatre in the bulk of air freight and the methods of handling it, as well as in the tactical movement of divisions by air. Improvisation was at its height in the early days in the Sudan after Italy had entered the war, when reinforcements "were often formed into units on the platform at Khartoum station and hurriedly sent on to their unit locality, usually a virgin patch of sand or small village beside the single-track Sudan Railway line." One can imagine the wastage in the absence of recovery vehicles and the strain on drivers.

Driving was taught as an art by the R.A.S.C. in the days of the horse and has continued to be. On rush jobs men were instructed to put the speed into loading and unloading, not to be Jehus on the road. When the



"HER MAJESTY THE QUEEN WHEN PRINCESS ELIZABETH'
A PHOTOGRAPH TAKEN DURING THE PRINCESS'S SERVICE
WITH THE A.T.S.

Princess Elizabeth, as she then was, was gazetted to an honorary commission as Second Subaltern in March 1945, and underwent training at No. 1 Mechanical Training Centre at Aldershot, where, among other things, she learnt to handle a 15-cwt. Bedford lorry, a Wolseley staff car and a large field ambulance—the principal types of vehicles that A.T.S. drivers usually handled.

(Photographs reproduced from "The Story of the R.A.S.C. of the publishers, G. Bell and Sons, Ltd.) ": by courtesy

Americans

Americans

book describes the experience of the anonymous C.R.A.S.C. 4th Division in a German counter-attack in Tunisia, when the road ahead appeared to be cut. "I went up to the front and had a conversation with Peter. He, remembering his days in the East Lancashire Regiment, wanted to leave the lorries and wade into battle. To me, however, never having been in anything R.A.S.C., lorries were rather sacred, No, we will get these bloody trucks home The Colonel was right, as Colonels

but the so I said: somehow.

uld be.
The smaller and more distant theatres of war

sonehow." The Colonel was right, as Colonels should be.

The smaller and more distant theatres of war provide most novel situations and unusual stories. The invasion of North-West Europe stands out, however, by reason of its vast scale and importance. Let a few figures speak for themselves, if they can be grasped. A reserve of 75,000,000 bulk rations and 60,000,000 special pack rations had to be prepared at a time of food and shipping shortage. Some 200 companies were formed. Over 17,000,000 "jerricans" and 3,000,000 returnable containers of other types were produced in this country. "The administrative plan entailed the shipment of a community the size of the population of Birmingham across the Channel and over beaches, and the wherewithal to support it in a great static battle with the prospect of an early break-out and advance. More than 287,000 men and 37,000 vehicles were pre-loaded before the assault." That is only the fringe of the story.

One of the most exciting episodes is that of the civil war in Athens after the German withdrawal from Greece. It was, fortunately, not very costly in life, but the R.A.S.C. found itself in one of its most awkward predicaments, having to carry out normal supply duties while hard put to it to defend its own location. The Italian campaign probably provided the greatest variety of experience, the most interesting being that of the water transport companies. This, by the way, is an unhappy title, since nine people out of ten would take it to mean companies for the transport of water, a regular function of the Corps. They were, in fact, companies engaged in transportation by water, for which purpose a large number of Italian vessels were taken over to carry stores along the coast and even across the Adriatic to Marshal Tito and his braves. The organisation was elastic: sometimes the crews were British, sometimes Italian, but always the vessels were controlled by the R.A.S.C.

In the Far East the rôle of the R.A.S.C., which handed over 112 officers from its then small commiss



"PACK TRANSPORT AT HOVE DUMP."

A.S.C. "had hardly maintain an animal an tell, since all the less to abolish this." their assembly lines. It is recorded that by the end both our allies were operating in accordance with the methods based on the experience of the R.A.S.C. My personal impression is that it was exceptionally successful in leavening the vast intake of men caused by the needs of the war with the professional skill and outlook which were its tradition.

One of the most significant time. In his article on this page, Captain Falls writes that the R.A.S.C. "had hardly expected to revert to mule transport, though it had managed to maintain an animal transport company in its Training Battalion—how, it alone can tell, since all the know-alls must have been bouncing in their chairs with eagerness to abolish this."

scale, though it had managed to maintain an animal transport company in its Training Battalion—how, it alone can tell, since all the know-alls must have been bouncing in their chairs with eagerness to abolish this. Nor, though it had done a certain amount of official "messing about in boats," could it have foretold that the R.A.S.C. Fleet would eventually number 1400. Oil pipelines, control of air freight—not, of course, involving the crews of the aircraft—composite rations, and a number of novelties came its way in the course of the war. On the other hand, it lost some of its functions to the R.E.M.E., a war-baby, to its dismay at the time, though it has probably got over that by now.

We start our wars with shortages and end them with superfluities. The R.A.S.C. had to improvise everywhere in the earlier stages; towards the end,

its tradition.

One of the most significant differences between the First and Second World Wars was the extent to which in the latter the supply services had to look after and defend themselves. We must not take an exaggerated view of their powers of self-defence, since they were but lightly armed. They learnt, however, to give a good account of themselves and extricated themselves from many tight situations. In proportion to those of other arms the casualties of the Corps were higher, and at times very high in an absolute sense. Sometimes the spirit of self-defence threatened to get out of hand. One of the unit narratives at the end of the

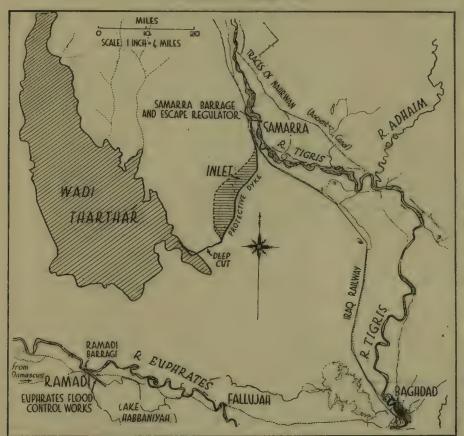


"JERRICANS": AN *ESPECIAL CONCERN OF THE R.A.S.C. AS CAPTAIN FALLS WRITES: "OVER 17,000,000 'JERRICANS' AND 3,000,000 RETURNABLE ES: "OVER 17,000,000 'JERRICANS' AND 3,000,000 RETUR CONTAINERS OF OTHER TYPES WERE PRODUCED IN THIS COUNTRY.

I have not covered all the items, still less discussed them. I see, for example, that I have made no mention of the important R.A.S.C. work of troop-carrying. I hope, however, I have indicated the nature of the book. It is one of a kind which historians of old wars would give a great deal to have at their disposal. There we generally have to content ourselves with scraps set down more by accident than by design and with no serious intention of providing records for the future. The writing is unpretentious, as might be expected from the design of the work already described. Yet these unknown recorders are not, as a rule, unskilled and they possess the advantage of knowing a great deal about all that they write of and of having seen most of it. I do not say that everyone will find the result as good reading as I have found it, but I will go so far as to say that I advise students of the war not to be daunted by the bulk before them, and prophesy that, if they refuse to be, some at least will thank me for my advice.

• "The Story of the Royal Army Service Corps, 1939–1945." (Published under the Direction of the Institution of the Royal Army Service Corps by G. Bell and Sons; 45s.)

A VITAL STAGE IN THE SAMARRA BARRAGE PROJECT TO CONTROL THE FLOODWATERS OF THE TIGRIS: LORRIES DUMPING RUBBLE FROM THE TEMPORARY BRIDGE ON THE SITE OF THE EVENTUAL CLOSING BANK.



A MAP SHOWING SAMARRA, THE SITE OF THE BARRAGE, THE 40-MILE-LONG-INLET AND DYKE WHICH WILL LEAD FLOODWATERS TO THE WADI THARTHAR DEPRESSION; AND BOTTOM LEFT, THE RAMADI BARRAGE, A SIMILAR SCHEME TO CONTROL THE EUPHRATES,



LOOKING ALONG THE TOP OF THE COMPLETED PROTECTIVE DYKE WHICH RUNS ON THE DOWNSTREAM SIDE OF THE INLET, TAKING THE FLOODWATERS TO WADI THARTHAR.

Thanks to a vast engineering project now nearing completion, Baghdad need no longer fear the devastating spring floods which have been so constant a feature of its long history. The intention of this project is to divert the floodwaters of the Tigris into the Wadi Tharthar, a deep depression lying some 40 miles to the west. The work done and planned is threefold: a closing bank to alter the course of the Tigris; a barrage through which the river shall flow under control and which will eventually incorporate a hydro-electric power station; and an escape regulator to take floodwater and an immense dyke-and-channel construction, some 40 miles long, to lead this floodwater harmlessly away to the Wadi Tharthar depression. The overall supervision of this project, of which the eventual cost

RELIEVING BAGHDAD OF A CENTURIES-OLD FEAR: THE £16,000,000 SAMARRA BARRAGE SCHEME.



THE TEMPORARY BRIDGE ACROSS THE TIGRIS. THIS LINKS THE ARMS OF THE CLOSING BANK, BUILT TO DIVERT THE FLOW OF THE RIVER TO THE BARRAGE AND THE ESCAPE CHANNEL WHICH WILL TAKE FLOODWATERS TO THE WADI THARTHAR.



THE SAMARRA BARRAGE, THROUGH WHICH THE WATERS OF THE TIGRIS WILL FLOW UNDER CONTROL, SEEN FROM THE EAST BANK. THIS PART OF THE PROJECT INCORPORATES SEVENTEEN



THE DEEP CUT OF THE CHANNEL DESIGNED TO LEAD THE TIGRIS FLOODWATERS INTO THE WADI THARTHAR DEPRESSION, AT A POINT ABOUT 34 MILES FROM THE SAMARRA BARRAGE.

will be about £16,000,000, and its design are by the London firm of consulting engineers, Messrs. Coode and Partners; the earthwork (amounting to some 55,000,000 cubic yards) has been done by Messrs. Balfour Beatty and Co., also of London; the barrage, headworks and intake to the proposed power station by a German contractor, Messrs. Ed. Zublin A.G.; and the fifty-three sluice-gates by Messrs. Ransomes and Rapier Ltd., of Ipswich. The most impressive aspect of the work is the combined dyke-and-channel, which has taken four years to complete at a cost of about £6,000,000. In parts the ditch is nearly 500 ft. wide and 47 ft. deep, and although its primary purpose is merely to dispose of floodwaters, it will undoubtedly add to the fertility of the country.



A NOTHER Skira volume,* with its accustomed wealth of coloured illustrations and entitled "From Van Eyck to Botticelli," provides us with a tour de luxe through Flanders, France, Italy, Germany,

Spain and Portugal under the learned guidance of Jacques Lassaigne and Giulio Carlo Argan, who inform us in advance that their intention "is to show that, despite a long-established tradition to the contrary, the Renaissance was not a specifically Italian cultural and artistic move-ment, which little by little gained ground and made good in other European countries. All the facts point the other way; as early as the beginning of the fifteenth century the Renaissance was in effect a Europe-wide phe-nomenon, even if it assumed different forms in Flanders, Italy and Germany; and perhaps, indeed, for that very reason." I am inclined to think that not very many readers will stay awake at night worrying over this problem—if it is a problem; they will remain calm, even if someone comes along in a year or so and proves that the Renaissance started in Timbuctoo. Very possibly 300 or 400 years hence an ingenious critic will produce a thesis showing that all Europe was sunk in abysmal darkness until,

early in the twentieth century, Pablo Picasso saw some primitive African carvings, and so began the

A DETAIL OF THE VIRGIN'S HEAD FROM THE RIGHT WING

OF THE MELUN DIPTYCH BY JEAN FOUQUET, WHICH WAS PAINTED IN ABOUT 1451 AND IS NOW IN THE MUSEE ROYAL DES BEAUX-ARTS, ANTWERP. THIS IS ONE OF THE ILLUSTRATIONS IN THE MAGNIFICENT SKIRA BOOK "THE FIFTEENTH CENTURY," WHICH IS REVIEWED BY FRANK DAVIS ON THIS PAGE.

authentic Renaissance.

The point is, I suggest, that if you assume as this book seems to assume—that the fourteenth century was merely Gothic and the fifteenth wholly Renaissance, you are (a) playing with words, (b) ignoring the life work of Giotto, and (c) darkening counsel. Nor, surely, can one accept in its entirety the statement on the dust-cover that "this was the century in which the painter could represent the world as the eye really sees it." We have become accustomed to the clarity with which Van Eyck and his wonderful successors transferred what they wonderful successors transferred what they saw into terms of paint, but in doing this they established a convention by which distant figures in a landscape, however minute in size, were shown in every detail, just as if they were a yard or so from us. But in nature distant objects do not register crystal clear—look out of the window and crystal clear—look out of the window and see for yourself. It was the nineteenth, not the fifteenth century, which solved this problem—or at least found one solution to it. Thus, while we accept this fifteenth-century convention, and love it, we recognise it for what it is—something which, in fact, is not what the eye sees, but what the imagination of these most gifted men distilled from reality. There are numerous other academic skittles scattered about the book, so that the reader who is given to this innocent indoor sport will find ample opportunities for self-indulgence, for the authors seem to me to make odd deductions from the known facts.

It may well be that others will find them more convincing than I do; what they have accomplished with marked success is to provide a well-balanced account of the various schools of painting and at the same time to give us much to argue about. As with the other Skira books, the colour-work is of a high standard, though once again it is noticeable how good

the reproductions of frescoes and illuminated manu-

"The Fifteenth Century—From Van Eyck to Botticelli." Text by Jacques Lassaigne and Giulio Carlo Argan. 116 reproductions in full colour. (Skira; £7 75.)

COLLECTORS. PAGE FOR

THE FIFTEENTH CENTURY.

A Review by FRANK DAVIS.

scripts are compared to some, though by no means all, of the other pictures. The little Antonello da Messina, for example—the one in the National Gallery in which St. Jerome, looking very much the stolid Headmaster of an ancient foundation, is working in his study while his lion strolls nonchalantly away down a corridor—is only the original at several removes; but the Masaccio frescoes from the Brancacci Chapel, in Florence, of which there are several details, are marvellously close, and so are the three Fouquet

THIS IMPRESSIVE PORTRAIT OF PRINCE HENRY THE NAVIGATOR FROM THE ST. VINCENT ALTARPIECE BY NUNO GONÇALVES IS ILLUSTRATED IN THE NEW PHAIDON BOOK, "NUNO GONÇALVES," ABOUT WHICH MR. DAVIS WRITES ON THIS PAGE. THIS IMPORTANT MASTERPIECE IS TO BE SEEN AT THE CURRENT EXHIBITION OF PORTUGUESE ART AT THE ROYAL ACADEMY.



ALSO REPRODUCED IN THE NEW SKIRA BOOK IS "ST. NICHOLAS OF TOLENTINO SAVING A VESSEL FROM SHIPWRECK," BY GIOVANNI DI PAOLO, WHO WAS ACTIVE IN SIENA FROM C. 1423-81. (20) by 16) ins.) (Johnson Collection, Museum of Art, Philadelphia.)

It has been said, and the criticism is not wholly without justification, that the marvels of modern photographic processes are encouraging us all to look at works of art at second-hand and to avoid taking the trouble to see the originals; moreover, that the well-intentioned practice of showing only details of pictures rather than the whole composition tends to

make us interested in individual trees and to ignore the forest to which they belong. As to the first point, that seems to be answered succinctly by the steady increase in the numbers of visitors to the various galleries who will, as often as not, buy a reproduction galleries who will, as often as not, buy a reproduction to remind them of their visit—a reproduction of something they have seen and enjoyed, not of something they have been told they ought to admire. Those who disagree with the second criticism will argue that, while the artist wants his whole painting to be seen, it is only too easy to miss certain felicities. Publishers generally, attempt a

lishers generally attempt a compromise, illustrating as far as possible, within the physical limits at their disposal, many complete paintings and many more details as well. This can be most illuminating, as it is in the case of the very large "Last Supper," by Dirk Bouts, the central panel of the altarpiece at St. Peter's, Louvain. We are given the picture complete, and then two details from it which otherwise might pass unnoticed—a beautifullypainted cauldron hanging in a niche, with a glimpse of a garden beyond, and the head of a man who is standing or a man who is standing in a corner of the room, looking on at the scene before us, generally held to be a portrait of the painter himself—incidentally, it makes wonderful dust-cover to the volume.

At this very moment the postman has called and handed in another book—a welcome Phaidon† mono-

welcome Phaidon† monograph of the fifteenth-century Portuguese painter Nuno Gonçalves, whose major work—indeed, his only certain surviving work—the St. Vincent altarpiece, is the clou of the Portuguese Exhibition at Burlington House. The text is by Dr. Reynaldo dos Santos, in whose debt we shall, all of us, remain for the rest of our lives, for it is he who has been mainly our lives, for it is he who has been mainly responsible for this fascinating exhibition. The altarpiece is illustrated in its entirety and is followed by thirty-six full-page plates of details, ten of them in colour. This most impressive composition, at once a major work of art and an historical document of the first importance (for in it the King, Alfonso V., is seen accompanied by the Royal family, the Archbishop and the highest-Royal family, the Archbishop and the highest-ranking officers of State, including Prince Henry the Navigator), is obviously the work of a painter of high quality and of great force of character, though whether many of us will go all the way with some in comparing him with Jan Van Eyck, somewhat to the latter's disadvantage, is doubtful. And what are we to make of this from the pen of a distinguished Belgian? "The polyptych of St. Vincent is even greater than Van Eyck's masterpiece [i.e., the Ghent altarpiece] on account of its concen-Ghent altarpiece] on account of its concentrated composition and the monumental scale of the conception. It shows a superb con-tempt for landscape, architecture or linear perspective, the very subjects which the Italian and Flemish artists of that period were attacking with passionate enthusiasm."
I am not sure that "a contempt for landscape, architecture or linear perspective" is either superb or particularly virtuous, and, frankly, the painter's deficiencies in these respects makes his crowded passle rather respects makes his crowded panels rather monotonous —there must be sixty figures in them, rank upon rank. Where he is most impressive is not in the picture as a whole, but in the individual portraits, and here he can surely rank among the greatest of his time. Was he great enough to have varieted the superh and enigenough to have painted the superb and enig-

matic portrait of a young man from the Lichtenstein collection, on loan at the National Gallery, attributed to him in this book? Or is that suggestion anything more than wishful thinking on the part of an enthusiast?

^{† &}quot;Nuno Gonçalves," by Reynaldo dos Santos. A folding plate and 36 full-page details, 10 of them in colour. (Phaidon; 42s.)

ENGLISH TASTE IN THE EIGHTEENTH CENTURY.



THIS MAHOGANY ARMCHAIR WAS MADE IN THE GOTHIC TASTE IN ABOUT 1750. IT IS INCLUDED IN THE EXHIBITION "ENGLISH TASTE IN THE 18TH CENTURY" AT THE R.A. (Ministry of Works—Audley End.)



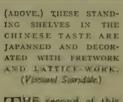
THIS IMPRESSIVE MARBLE BUST OF ALEXANDER POPE, THE FAMOUS POET AND CRITIC, IS BY LOUIS FRANÇOIS ROUBILIAC. IT SHOWS POPE IN 1740, AT THE AGE OF FIFTY-TWO. (The Earl Fitzwilliam.)



A DRESSING-TABLE IN CHINESE TASTE WHICH IS A LATE EXAMPLE OF THE CHINESE STYLE AND WAS MADE IN ABOUT 1770." IT IS VENEERED WITH SATINWOOD, KINGWOOD, MANOGANY AND OTHER WOODS. (Mrs. David Gubbay.)



THE second of this year's Royal Academy Winter Exhibitions, entitled "English Taste in the Eighteenth Century," is to be seen at Burlington House until February 26, 1956. Its purpose is to illustrate the influence of the five principal styles—Baroque, Rococo, Chinoiserie, Gothic and Neo-Classic—which were dominant in England between about 1725 and 1800. The exhibition is strikingly | Continued below.





THIS MAHOGANY LIBRARY WRITING-TABLE WAS DESIGNED BY WILLIAM KENT IN ABOUT 1730. (The Trustees of the Chalsworth Settlement.)

ONE OF A PAIR OF CARVED AND GILT CONSOLE TABLES MADE IN ABOUT 1730 IN THE BAROQUE STYLE. (The Duke of Beaufort.)

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Contin SOME PIECES NOW AT THE R.A. WINTER EXHIBITION.



TYPICAL OF THE PIECES IN THE COTHIC GALLERY IS THIS AHOGANY CHAIR IN GOTHIC TASTE, IT WAS MAI OME YEARS BEFORE HORACE WALPOLE SETTLED ! STRAWBERRY HILL. (The Hon. Mrs. Reginald Fellowes.)



GEORGE I. DID NOT ACTUALLY SIT FOR THIS MARELE BUST OF HIMSELF BY MICHAEL RYSBRACK, MANY OF WHOSE WORKS ARE IN WESTMINSTER ABBEY. (Christ Church, Oxford.)

in many eighteenth-century aristocratic homes. There is a wide selection of silver, including the magnificent silver-gilt cup made by Gabriel Sheath in 1740 for the Irish Society, which was ultimately added to the Mansion House Plate. In the large mahogany bookcase standing behind this cup there is an interesting collection of Chelsea and Bow porcelain figures which have been lent by Sir Harold Wernher.



AT THE ROYAL ACADEMY WINTER EXHIBITION, "ENGLISH TASTE IN THE EIGHTEENTH CENTURY": A SECTION OF THE CALLERY DEVOTED TO "THE GOTHIC." THE SO-CALLED "GOTHIC REVIVAL" OF THE MIDDLE OF THE CENTURY IS PRINCIPALLY ASSOCIATED WITH THE NAME OF HORACE WALFOLE, WHO DESIGNED THE MIRROR ON THE LEFT, ABOVE THE LECTERN



A CORNER OF THE GALLERY ILLUSTRATING THE INFLUENCE OF "CHINOISERIE" ON EIGHTEENTH-CENTURY TASTE. THE TAPESTRY ON THE LEFT WAS MADE BY J. VANDERBANG AT HIS FACTORY IN SOHO. THE MAHOGARY SETTEE IS ONE OF A PAIR MADE IN ABOUT 1760. A CORNER OF ONE OF THE ROCCOO GALLERIES IS SEEN THROUGH THE ARCHWAY.

THE SECOND WINTER EXHIBITION AT THE R.A.—FROM THE BAROQUE TO THE NEO-CLASSIC:

The second of this year's Winter Exhibitions opened at the Royal Academy in Burlington House on December 3. Entitled "English Taste in the Eighteenth Century" it occupies those galleries not used for the current exhibition of Portuguese art, and remains open until February 26, 1956. As Ralph Edwards writes in his introduction to the catalogue: 'The eighteenth century has strong claims to be regarded as the golden age of English taste.' The exhibition is devoted principally to examples of the applied arts, though there is also a sufficiently wide selection of painting and sculpture to give an adequate (each of the developments in the fine arts in the eighteenth century. Nearly all the

exhibits were produced in this country between about 1725 and 1800. The period has been divided into five principal styles—Baroque, Roceco, Chinoiseric, Gothie and Neo-Classic. The selection committee has done its best to avoid pieces where different styles are blended and has given preference to those which show the various phases of teste at their 'most intense degree.' Thus there is a sharp division as one moves from one gallery to another. Yet the exhibition maintains an impressive degree of unity and achieves the atmosphere of the magnificent 'manions of the more ge-ahead of the eighteenth-extrury English artiforcase.' The Gothic Gallery is dominated by 'Spiridone Roma's 'vari



A VIEW OF THE END OF ONE OF THE TWO GALLERIES DEVOTED TO ROCCO. THE LARGE MANGGANY BOOKCASE IN THE CENTRE WAS MADE BY VILE AND COBB FOR QUEEN CHARLOTTE IN 1990. IT HAS BEEN GRACIOUSLY LENT FROM BUCKINGHAM PALACE BY H.M. THE QUEEN, AS HAS THE BUST ON THE RIGHT OF KING GEORGE II. BY LOUIS FRANÇOIS ROUBILIAC.



A SECTION OF THE FIRST GALLERY IN THE BOYAL ACADEMY EXHIBITION OF "ENGLISH TASTE IN THE EIGHTEENTH CENTURY." THIS GALLERY SHOWS THE INFLUENCE OF BARQUE ON ENGLISH TASTE. THE WHITE MARBLE BUST OF THE DUKE OF MARLBOROUGH IS BY MICHAEL RYSBRACK. IT STANDS ON A CARVED AND GILT SIDE-TABLE MADE IN ABOUT 1780.

VIEWS OF SOME OF THE GALLERIES ILLUSTRATING "ENGLISH TASTE IN THE 18TH CENTURY."

decoration for the Chapel at The Vyne. One end of this may be seen on the left of the first photograph above. Several of the exhibits in this gallery are associated with Horace Walpole and his famous home, Strawberry Hill. There are two galleries devoted to the Baroque. In the first of these are hung four vast canvases illustrating the legend of Jupiter and Io, which were painted by the Venetian Jacope Amigoni to decorate the hall at Moor Park. (One of these may be seen in the bottom right photographs François Roubillac, including the magnificent one of Alexander Pope, which is shown elsewhere in this issue.

The centre of the floor of the Neo-Classic gallery is covered with the impressive carpet designed by Robert Adam in 1769, for the Red Drawing-room at Syon House. This gallery contains a number of characteristic paintings by Angelica Kaufmann. The last gallery of this exhibition is devoted to showing the influence of Chinolizerio en English taste in the middle years of the eighteenth century. Sir Joshua Reynolds a portrait of Wang-y-Tong is hong in this south century. Sir Joshua Reynolds a portrait of Wang-y-Tong is hong in this south the century of the painting in this painting in this painting in this gallery is Richard Wilson's "The Pagoda at Kew." The Pagoda was built between 1757 and 1762.



IN AN ENGLISH GARDEN.

O rewarding pieces of planting that I did in my garden at Stevenage-my private garden, not the Six Hills Nursery -was a nut walk or It was not

a large or important affair, and judged as an avenue it was a dismal failure. But on the other hand, it had the virtue of serving a double purpose.

from somewhere to somewhere, and it provided a grand crop of cob-nuts cach—no, most autumns. I hold strong views about garden paths, pergolas and avenues. They should surely, each one of them, have some definite raison d'être. What could be sillier than a pergola leading from nowhere in particular to nowhere in particular, and as likely as not obstructing some pleasant view on the way? And what more fatuous than a path meandering and wiggling its way from the potting shed, shall we say, to the compost-heap and covering twice the necessary mileage in the process?

My nut walk was only about 40 yards long, a grass path leading direct from the garden proper to a meadow where the hens and Jenny the goose lived. On one side was a young spinney of silver birch, larch and Scotch pines, and on the other a small orchard of bush apples grafted on one of the dwarfing stocks.

The nut-bushes were planted about 15 ft. apart, and some of them made fine specimens, but others, for some reason which I failed to discover, never got away properly, and remained more or less stunted, which spoilt the avenue effect, which would otherwise have been very

attractive.

In a garden some miles from Stevenage in which I did a lot of work—rock garden, waterside plants, three fishponds, and so on—I planted a nut walk which turned out a very great success. It curved away from the far end of the main lawn for a distance of perhaps 50 yards, and led on, from where the nuts ended, to a pleasant trout-stream. The owner died shortly after I had finished my work, and I did not see the garden again for ten or twelve years. When I did see it, the nut walk stood out as by far the most pleasing and satisfactory mark that I had left on the place. The rock garden had gone to pot owing to combined ignorance and lack of interest; much of the waterside planting had gone native, and so, too, had the trout-stream. Pike had been allowed to have their way unchecked, and had grown in size and numbers, so that it was doubtful if there was a solitary trout left.

But the nut walk had grown into a thing of real beauty. The nuts had joined up from bush to bush down each rank, and at the same time overhead to form a lofty, half-shady tunnel. The first two bushes flanking the entrance were the bushes flanking the entrance were the purple-leaved variety. All the rest were the normal green-leaved type. I must say that it is extremely pleasant and satisfactory to go back after some years to inspect garden work which one has carried out and find that special plantings have really flourished and proved an outstanding success. From that point of view, my Hertfordshire nut walk gave me very great pleasure. Incidentally, the ground under hazel or cob-nut trees is ideal for half-wild plantings of primroses, cowslips, oxlips and, if you like, colonies of coloured polyanthus primroses; for hepaticas, hardy cyclamen, bluebells; for the blue and the double-white varieties of the wood anemone and the lovely blue Anemone apennina; for the American blood-root Sanguinaria canadensis, both the single and the double-flowered forms for snakeshead fritillaries and any or all of the dog's-tooth violets—Erythroniums, white, pink or yellow. Those are only a few of the shade-loving plants which seem

COB-NUTS.

By CLARENCE ELLIOTT, V.M.H.

to revel in the company of nut trees. It must, I think, be a combination of the type of root system of these bushes with the sort of leaf-mould that their fallen leaves form. Perhaps, too, the shade the nut trees cast is just the right density.

In my first-to-mind list of plants for the nut walk

I forgot to mention snowdrops and snowflakes—especially snowdrops—and winter aconites, of course.

And there is one native wild flower, the common pink campion, Lychnis diurna, which seems to be so entirely appropriate for the intuation that one might almost expect

it to arrive there spontaneously, under its own power If it should fail to do that, a few capsules of the seed collected from the wild, and broadcast, would soon complete the sub-woodland picture.

Thinking back to my own garden at Stevenage and the nut walk leading to the meadow where the chickens and Jenny the goose lived, recalls two incidents which to me were of some interest. Jenny was given to my daughter when she was a very small girl, and I am not sure that I did not buy the half-acre meadow for her special benefit. Anyway, there she lived for many years, with a low barrier of wire netting to keep her and her companion hens from invading the garden. From time to time Jenny was taken to a horse-pond in another part of the garden for a swim and an elaborate bath. An immense treat. Otherwise she had to be content, for drinking, with an old motor tyre sawn in half down the centre of the tread and laid out flat to form a completely circular moat a few inches wide. Jenny spent most of her time, when not grazing, sitting in the centre of the island formed by the circular tyre-moat. It seemed to satisfy and please her to feel that she was there entirely surrounded by water. She would sit for hours and gaze across the 6-inch-or-so

channel at the mainland beyond.
When Jenny first took possession of the
meadow it was yellow with buttercups, but when she was not queening it in her island home she spent the rest of her time eating the bulbous buttercup roots. The turf was pitted with hundreds of neat, round holes which looked like the work of a cheese-sampling scoop. In a year or two she cleared that meadow. Not a solitary buttercup left. I bought her another, larger meadow, and she cleared that, too. I think this worth mentioning. There is a belief in farming circles that buttercups make bad grazing for cows. If that is so, surely a goose, or a flock of geese, would soon get rid of the offending buttercups, though I have been told that the permanent presence of geese on dairy meadows is bad for the grazing.

There was another interesting happening in Jenny's meadow. Both she and the hens spent much of their spare time on the ground nearest to the wire-netting barrier; in other words, nearest to the direction from which food arrived twice daily. One day we found that a malaise had fallen upon both Jenny and her companions. They lost weight and strength rapidly. I picked Jenny up and was horrified

to find her as light as the mere bundle of feathers that she was. The vet was called in. He examined the birds gravely and took one away for analysis. He told us of three or four diseases which it *might* be, but the only definite thing that came from that source was his eventual bill for professional services.

Help and a perfect cure came from an aged gaffer who might well have been a serf of the fourteenth century. He produced no name for the malady. All he did was to tell us to lime the ground heavily. This we did, and within days heavily. This we did, and within days the birds, Jenny included, began to mend rapidly. In a couple of weeks they were all as right as rain. My faith in lime for innumerable purposes became more firmly established than ever. But please, please do not write and tell me in scientific terms the wherefore and the why of that lime-and-poultry miracle. It's enough for me that the ground by It's enough for me that the ground by the wire fence had grown sick, and that an old gaffer's suggestion of a dressing of lime did the trick.



AN IDEAL PLANT FOR NATURALISING AT THE FOOT OF COB-NUTS: CFCLAMEN NEAPOLITANUM, WHICH INCREASE STEADILY OVER MANY YEARS, UNTIL, AS ONE WRITER HAS PUT IT, THEIR CORMS NEARLY ACHIEVE THE SIZE OF BOWLER-HATS.



ANOTHER DELIGHTFUL GENUS FOR PLANTING IN THE SHADE OF NUT TREES: DOG'S-TOOTH VIOLETS, OR ERYTHRONIUMS, HERE SEEN GROWING AMONG POLYPODY FERNS. Photographs by J. E. Downward.

FOR CHRISTMAS AND THE NEW YEAR.

A gift that gives pleasure throughout the year is surely the ideal choice for this Christmas and New Year. Fifty-two copies of *The Illustrated London News*, together with the magnificent Christmas Number, will make 1956 a year full of interest for friends and relations at home and overseas. Now is the time to take out subscriptions for the coming year. A card bearing a message from the donor will be sent to notify the recipient of the gift at Christmas-time. For readers in the United Kingdom the simplest way is to place orders with any bookstall manager or newsagent; or a cheque or postal order may be sent to our Subscription Department. For readers outside the United Kingdom we suggest the simplest method is to buy an International Money Order (obtainable at post offices throughout the world) and send this with your requirements to our Subscription Department.

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IN THE GARDEN OF CLARENCE HOUSE: PRINCESS MARGARET AND HER SEALYHAM PIPPIN.

Princess Margaret's affection for dogs was, perhaps, originally aroused by the arrival of the first of the Royal Corgis, the famous *Dookie*. Later, she transferred her loyalties to Sealyhams, the first of which was named *Johnny*. Within a week of his arrival, however, the Princess fell ill, and by the time she was fully restored to health the Sealyham puppy had adopted Queen Elizabeth the Queen Mother as his new mistress. Her latest Sealyham, *Pippin*,

however, is a devoted companion. He is seen with his mistress in the colour photograph reproduced above. It was taken by Mr. Cecil Beaton in the delightful garden of Clarence House, shortly before Princess Margaret's twenty-fifth birthday on August 21 this year. The mellowed stone of the pillar, the pink mass of polyantha roses on the lawn, the olive background of trees, and the radiant Princess and her dog, form a study of exceptional charm.



HER MAJESTY ENJOYING ONE OF HER FAVOURITE PASTIMES: THE QUEEN
IN THE ROYAL BOX AT DONCASTER RACES.

HER MAJESTY THE QUEEN does not merely either the Royal family's traditional interest in horse racing; it is
one of her favourite pastimes. Many of the happiest pictures show her against a racing background. Characteristic is that colour photograph on which St. Lager run. The Queen was the leading owner last year, but in the
Royal box at Doncaster, where his her with St. Lager run. The Queen was the leading owner last year, but in the
section that ended on November 12 she was unfortunately less successful.



THE FIVE-YEAR-OLD PRINCESS ANNE: A PORTRAIT STUDY OF THE HEIR APPARENT'S SISTER.

The youngest of the Royal ladies, Princess Anne, celebrated her fifth birthday on August 15 this year. The special birthday study, reproduced above, was taken by the famous photographer of children, Mr. Marcus Adams. The little Princess was wearing a blue broderie anglaise dress, edged at the sleeves and collar with embroidered white daisies. Her brooch, in the shape of a shamrock, was of pearls set in blue enamel and gold. A pale green handbag completed her ensemble. The bright-eyed charm and grace of Princess Anne stand

out in contrast to the dull background hue of old-gold and brown. By her side, tall-stemmed delphiniums emerging from green foliage add new colour tones to the picture. In this photograph, the likeness to her mother, the Queen, at a similar age is particularly pronounced. It is possible to discern, even from so formal a study, something of the mercurial little Princess who loves dogs and horses, and rides with such tremendous enthusiasm whenever the occasion offers.

CARNIVORES OF THE BORNEO JUNGLES: INSECT-EATING PITCHER-PLANTS.

CONCERNING the Pitcher Plants—

Nepenthes—illustrated on this page,
MRS. IRIS DARNTON, the well-known traveller,
writes: "On the whole, the equatorial jungle
is a silent, hot and humid world, enlivened
only at dawn and swiftly-fleeting dusk by
the songs and calls of birds or the ringing,
echoing cries of monkeys as they swing and
feed among the topmost branches of the
trees. Many are the strange and varied
growths produced within these vast forests
... yet none surely is stranger than a genus
of plants known as Nepenthes, or Pitcher
Plants.... Originating probably in Borneo,
where there are the greatest number of
species, Nepenthes are found in New Guinea,
Celebes and the Philippines, the southern
coast of China, Indo-China and Malaya, threequarters of Java and Sumatra, Cape York
and New Caledonia. [They are also found in
Ceylon, India, the Seychelles and Madagascar.]
... In appearance, Nepenthes all follow
approximately the same pattern. Growing
from creeping rhizomes, they are clambering
undershrubs or climbers, with long, glossy,
thick, lance-like leaves, these leaves producing as a prolongation of the midrib a
curling tendril of varying length which
terminates in a pitcher-shaped receptacle
topped by an overhanging lid, from which
the plant receives its common name. This
remarkable and curious-looking receptacle is,
in fact, a most cunningly-contrived trap to
ensnare insects for the plant's delectation,
for lying within its depths is a pool of
slightly viscous fluid in which the victims
drown, their body juices being absorbed by
glands at the base of the pitcher. The insect
is, in the first place, attracted by a sugary
substance exuded from glands under the
lid and from around the inside of the rim
of the pitcher itself; colour also plays a part,
for although the pitcher is sometimes a
uniform green, it is more often mottled and
blotched with shades of red and purple or
can even be bright crimson—like some weird
and vivid flower. When once the insect
wanders over the rim—this being usually
fluted or rib



BORNEO PLANT WHICH EATS ANTS WITH THE ENDS OF ITS LEAVES: NEPENTHES GRACILIS, A PLANT N WHICH THE LEAF MIDRIB IS PROLONGED AS A TENDRIL ENDING IN A PITCHER WHICH TRAPS INSECTS.



A SPRAY OF A PITCHER PLANT WHICH GROWS IN BRUNEI, BORNEO, ANTS AND OTHER INSECTS, TRAPPED AND DROWNED IN THE PITCHER; ARE THEN DIGESTED BY MEANS OF AN ENZYME.

Continued.]

of this fluid, although the enzyme is not present until the producing glands have been stimulated by the presence of something to digest. In Borneo I found that ants seemed to be by far the commonest victims of these carnivorous plants, their little disintegrating carcases forming a black mass at the bottom of nearly all the pitchers I examined, although, strangely enough, I sometimes came across small, wormlike creatures wriggling jauntily among the corpses. These were probably the larvæ of mosquitoes or other Diptera, which were evidently impervious to the action of the digestive juices. Some authorities maintain that the living inhabitants of the pitchers can, in fact, be divided into three classes. Firstly, those organisms which are there more or less by chance, such as even an occasional tadpole. Secondly, those that find conditions suitable and can pass their lives satisfactorily within the confines of the pool. And, lastly and strangest of all, those that can not actually exist elsewhere but only within this snare which brings death to so many other forms of life."



ANOTHER SPECIES OF PITCHER PLANT FROM BRUNEI. THE PURPOSE OF THE SOMEWHAT MENACING LID IS PROBABLY TO PREVENT RAIN DILUTING THE STICKY LIQUID WHICH TRAPS THE INSECTS.

BETWEEN THE FEET OF ONE OF THE SOLDIERS WHO IS MOCKING THE BLINDFOLD CHRIST: A ROUGH-HAIRED WHIPPET TYPE OF DOG IN WINDOW X.



THE PRODUCAL SON'S DOG IN WINDOW XIX.: A "MONGREL AND RASCALL SORT" REALISTICALLY PORTRAVED SCRATCHING HIMSELF—PROBABLY AS A RESULT OF HIS ACCOMPANYING HIS MASTER "INTO A FAR COUNTRY."

THE dogs in the stained glass in the great windows in King's College Chapel Country.

The dogs in the stained glass in the great windows in King's College Chapel Country of the Country o

PERPETUATED IN STAINED GLASS: 16TH-CENTURY



ON GUARD OVER A FLOCK OF SHEEP OF WHICH MOSES IS SHEPHERD: A SHEPHERD LYING IN A TYPICAL ALERT ATTITUDE IN WINDOW III.

all history; and those on the south side tell of the Resurrection and Ascension, Pentecost. of all history; and those on the South side (ell of the Resurrection and Assension, Pentecast; the Acts of the Apostles, and other themes. Eight of the animals shown in these pictures are undoubtedly dogs, and very well-drawn dogs at that, but some of them at least might be regarded as good examples of what Professor Persuare, in his first settli hecture, called 'baboonery or monkey business.' By this term, which is an old name revived, he denotes the spirit of histority which prompted the insertion of the grotegue or the incongruous into solemn and asked scenes. He said that this spirit is preclainly English, that it originated in England and was only copied in other countries as the fashion appead. Traces of this spirit, which





LOOKING ON AT THE STONING OF ST. PAUL IN WINDOW XXII.: POSSIBLY A "VILLAGE DOGGE" DESCRIBED BY DR. CAIUS AS "BARKING BIGLY THAT SO HE MAY . . . TERRIFIC THE THEEFE." Photographs by Ramsay and Muspratt, reproduced by courtesy

DOGS IN THE WINDOWS OF A CAMBRIDGE CHAPEL



ON THE STEPS OF APOLLO'S TEMPLE AT DELPHI IN WINDOW II.: A DOG OF THE HOUND GROUP, DR. CAIUS DESCRIBES HOUNDS AS "SOME FOR THE HARE, THE FOXE, THE WOLF, THE HART, THE BUCKE, THE BADGER, THE OTTER, THE POLCAT, THE LOBSTER, THE WEASEL, THE CONNY.

Costinued is in no way incompatible with real devotion, are discernible in the windows at King's but are perhaps no more than a natural concenitant of the exuberant vigour and vitality that created and completed so wonderful a work in such a short space of time." It is impossible to give a specific name to the individual work in such a short space of time. "It is impossible to give a specific name to the individual work in such a short space of time." It is impossible to give a specific name to the individual work in the period of the contract of the c



SEATED UNDER THE CHAIR OF THE HIGH PRIEST IN WINDOW XI.: A WHIPPET OR "AMONG AL DOGS THESE ARE THE MOST PRINCIPALL . . ." of the College Council of King's College, Cambridge.

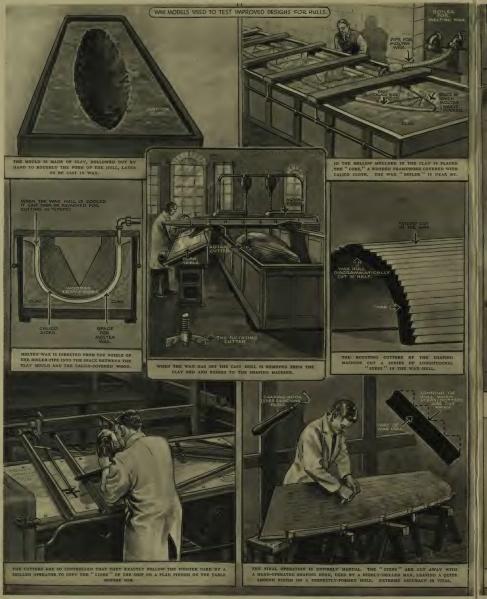


IN WINDOW I.: A DOG WHO HAS LET HIS SHEEP WANDER AWAY. NOTE THE SPIKED-COLLAR WHICH, WE ARE TOLD, THE SHEPHERD DOG WORE ROUND HIS NECK AS A PROTECTION AGAINST WOLVES.



HOWN FRISKING IN FRONT OF TOBIAS IN WINDOW XVI.: THE ONLY DOG MENTIONED IN A PRIENDLY WAY IN THE BIBLE AS ACCOMPANYING HIS MASTER ON A LONG AND DANGEROUS JOURNEY.

Continued, and the British days of the time-some of which are perpetuated in the windows at King's—do not give us any reliable guide to identification. Among the days in Dr. Caius, King's—do not give us any reliable guide to identification. Among the days in Dr. Caius, King's—do not give us any reliable guide to identification. Among the days in Dr. Caius, the Mooner, "... because the days at his masters voyer and commanualment the carrieth letters from place to place, wrapped up cunningly in his lether collar." Another dog he calls the Mooner, "... because he dath nothing else but watch and ward at an inch, wasting the wearstoome night season without slombering or sleeping, bawing and wawing at the moon—a quality in mine opinion strange to consider." Off Setters he wrote: "... they will stand still ... in ailonee by their face, eie and taile, they show their game." Such dogs as "the Carrier," "the Tyncher's Currer," "the Mooner," "the Fenere," "the Village Dog or House Reper" and the "Daunser" cannot definitely be refounder of Conville Hall, Cambridge the struck shown as Gonville and Caius, was not thinking of Mongrels or Rassall Sort. He must have known the windows in the chapel at King's College well, and it is sad that we do not know which of the dogs shown in them he would have assigned to hunting "the lobster," "seizing upon the robber," or being, as he says of the spaniel, "gentle, or comforter."



IMPROVING THE DESIGN OF BRITAIN'S FIGHTING SHIPS: TESTS WITH WAX MODELS AND

Faced with the threat of nuclear warfare, British naval designers are called upon to employ new and radical techniques in warship construction. But such techniques cannot be incorporated straight from the drawing-board. They have to be subjected, at an early stage, to the most stringent testing. This is where the Admiratity Experimental Works at Haslar, Coopport, takes over. By means of models and other apparatus, with which they are able to simulate the conditions of actual service, a staff of experts are able to produce structural data that help

the designer to determine the best hull-lines for the duties each separate ship will have to perform. The scope of such research is considerable. It aims to ensure maximum stability in British fighting ships, in order to provide a steady gun platform, and, in aircraft-carriers, a minimum of pitch and roil; so that even in the worst weather fighti-deske will be kept reasonably dry. Another aspect relates to hydrostatic pressures on submarines and methods to improve their maneuvra-billy when submerged. It is perhaps not widely realised that submarines have

DRAWN BY OUR SPECIAL ARTIST, G. H. DAVIS,

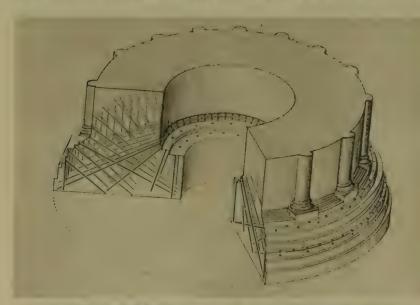


OTHER EQUIPMENT AT THE ADMIRALTY EXPERIMENTAL WORKS AT HASLAR, GOSPORT.

a comparatively narrow zone in which to manouvre safely; excessive water pressure will damage the hull-plating, and increasing underwater speeds present similar problems to designers. In the tests at Haalar, model hulls made of wax are used—wax, because it is malleable, permitting frequent modifications to the models, and because it can be subsequently matted down and re-used. An average wax model hull is about 16 ft. long, weighing something like 400 lb. Extreme accuracy in its construction is vital, and highly-skilled men are employed in WITH THE CO-OPERATION OF THE ADMIRALTY.

this work. The hulls are tested in one of the two large tanks at the Experimental Works, usually by being towed by moving gantries at the desired speed while delicate instruments measure and record the details of the hull's performance. In certain cases, the hulls are fitted with propulsive machinery and are remotely controlled by radio. Further experiment is devoted to ships' propelers, the inter-relation between ships lying close together, and ways of improving the design and efficiency of anciones; we hope to deal with these in a subsequent issue.

PROTECTING THE MARVEL OF PISA: THE THREATENED LEANING TOWER.



AN OLD PRINT OF THE FOUNDATIONS OF THE LEANING TOWER OF PISA, WHICH WAS BEGUN IN 1174—SHOWING THE REINFORCED CONCRETE BASE.



INSIDE THE LEANING TOWER FOUR SEISMOGRAPHS ARE INSTALLED, TO SHOW THE INCIDENCE OF EARTH TREMORS AND THEIR EFFECT ON THE INCLINATION OF THE TOWER.



THE INCLINOMETER INSIDE THE LEANING TOWER OF PISA. READINGS FROM THIS INSTRUMENT KEEP CHECK OF THE GRADUALLY INCREASING INCLINATION OF THE TOWER.

The Leaning Tower of Pisa was begun in 1174 by Bonanno da Pisa and built as far as the third storey, when the effects of ground subsidence were observed and building was broken off. During the thirteenth century, Giovanni di Simone continued the building, endeavouring to correct the inclination, and about 1350 the campanile storey was added by Tomaso Pisano. In the photograph on the



THE CENTRE OF GRAVITY OF THE TOWER IS CALCULATED TO BE 4.55 METRES (14 FT. 11 $\frac{1}{8}$ INS.) OUT OF TRUE; AND THE INCLINATION IS MOST NOTICEABLE AT THE BASE.



LOOKING UP THE INSIDE OF THE TOWER. THE THREE TUBES ARE THE STRUTS OF THE INCLINOMETER. THE INCLINATION AT PRESENT INCREASES 0'7 MM. ANNUALLY.

opposite page, showing the whole tower, the two "kinks" in the tower, marking the separate attempts to correct the inclination, can be definitely seen. This flaw in the building has, however, proved to be a world-famous tourist attraction, and has made the tower the most remarkable monument of its kind in the world, some 70,000 visitors paying to enter it every year. Galileo made use of its overhang [Continued opposite.]



THE LEANING TOWER OF PISA-A PHOTOGRAPH WHICH SHOWS CLEARLY THE TOWER'S INCLINATION AND THE TWO "KINKS."

Continued.]
in conducting his experiments into the velocity of falling bodies. But the reason for the original subsidence still exists—the soft subsoil—and the tower continues to lean yet further over. Early in 1952 the height of the north side was 56.7 metres (185 ft. 0\frac{9}{8} ins.), and on the south side 55.86 metres (183 ft. 2\frac{7}{8} ins.), and the centre of gravity was calculated to be 4.55 metres (14 ft. 11\frac{1}{8} ins.) out of true. It also appears that it is moving 0.7 mm. further out of true each year, but that it should be safe until it has moved a total of 21 cm.; and assuming a uniform rate of

movement, it is still good for about 300 years. This is, however, a very large assumption, and in 1934 the Pisan authorities decided to reinforce the tower's foundation with about 1000 tons of concrete. In 1954 it was announced, however, that this injection of concrete had proved ineffective; and Professor Walter Kjelman, of the Swedish Geotechnical Institute, was to examine the problem with a view to controlling the movement of the tower's foundation. A special sounding apparatus, invented by him, was to be used to study the subsoil.



SCIENCE.



GIRAFFES TALK TOGETHER. WHEN

It goes without saying that the giraffe is an odd animal. Its oddities go further than the more obvious bodily form, with the long neck, long legs and absurdly small head. There is, for example, its relative muteness. It was indeed thought until recent years that a giraffe was wholly mute. That at least has been contradicted, for on very rare occasions the animal

for on very rare occasions the animal has been heard to utter a sound. A young giraffe when lassoed was heard to scream, and adults are said to utter an occasional grunt or a bark. These occasions are, however, sufficiently rare to have excited notice, and even those whose work is in zoos have cither never heard the giraffe's voice or have heard it very infrequently. In contrast, the larynx of a giraffe is unusually large.
Because of this, and other oddities,

a Portuguese reader has propounded to me a theory which has at the least the virtue of novelty. He points out that giraffes are mute or nearly so, that they move about in parties at night and must therefore have some means of communication. He draws attention, quite rightly, to the fact that giraffes also have a very large pineal gland and suggests that they communicate with each other telepathy, that the source of this is the pineal gland and the horns are the transmitting antennæ. As I say, it is a novel theory and there this odd thing about the pineal.

It is present in all vertebrates, and has been, apparently, for millions of years, yet its function is unknown. Moreover, the so-called horns of a giraffe, which are no more than bony stalks covered with skin, also seem to have no discernible function.

The horns appear to be the counterpart of the bony stalks on the skull of a deer, from which spring the antlers. It is assumed, therefore, that the ancestors of giraffes had antlers, and that these have been lost. Colour is lent to this idea by the finding of the extinct Siwatherium in India, which has generally the form of a short-necked giraffe with broad antlers. It also had a pair of bony spikes in front of the antlers, making a total of four outgrowths from the skull. Modern giraffes may have two, three or even five horns or outgrowths from the skull. And so far as we know, they do not use them for offence or defence, or anything else. It could, of course, be claimed that the horns are vestigial, and because of this do not need to have a use. There is, nevertheless, a strong school of thought which claims that even a vestigial organ has a function, although this may have changed as the organ itself changed its form or size. Whether we uphold this view or take the more orthodox line, that a vestigial organ is likely to be useless, we still must explain why a giraffe may have five horns.

It may yet be proven that many animals com-

municate with each other by telepathy. That is a promising field as yet unexplored. It may even be that the source of such communication may yet be found to be the pineal gland. This is, however, less probable, while the use of the horns as transmitting antennæ seems even less probable still. We have not, however, yet reached the limit of surprises in animal structure and function, and we can only say of these things that they are not yet proven. In the meantime we may consider another hypothesis which has to do with the relative muteness and the large size of the larynx: that giraffes use ultrasonic calls—that is, frequencies above the limit of human hearing, the word supersonic being now reserved for speeds greater than that of sound.

It is only thirteen years ago that we were first made aware of the use by bats of an echo-location. In this they emit high-pitched squeaks, with a frequency of vibrations ranging from 30,000 to 70,000 per second. The range of frequencies a normal human being can hear is from 16 to 30,000, or up to 40,000, in the young ear. It is not my purpose here to go more fully into the use bats make of their echo-location. It is merely to emphasise that normally the bat's voice will be inaudible to most adult human beings, and to show where the original work on bats has led us.

By MAURICE BURTON, D.Sc.

Within the last year or two it has been shown that the oil-birds of South America also use ultrasonics. They live in deeply-recessed caves by day, in conditions



ALERTED BY THE PRESENCE OF THE PHOTOGRAPHER: A GIRAFFE, ONE OF THE ODDEST OF ANIMALS, WITH ITS "WATCH-TOWER" HEAD EQUIPPED WITH EFFICIENT SENSE-ORGANS, INCLUDING THE LARGE EARS.

Photograph reproduced by courtesy of the Institut des Parcs Nationaux du Congo Belge.



SHOWING THE LARGE EYES AND NOSTRILS, THE LARGE EARS AND THE APPARENTLY USELESS "HORN": A CLOSE-UP VIEW OF THE HEAD OF A GIRAFFE. THE HORNS MAY NUMBER TWO, THREE OR FIVE; THEY MAY REPRESENT THE BONY STALKS FROM WHICH GREW ANTLERS IN THE ANCESTRAL GIRAFFES, OR THEY MAY HAVE A USE WHICH WE CAN NOT YET GUESS.



OBSCURED FROM ITS ENEMIES, AS WELL AS ITS FRIENDS: THE OKAPI, WHICH IS AN INHABITANT OF THE DEEP TROPICAL FORESTS OF AFRICA. DR. BURTON DISCUSSES WHETHER THE LARGE, SENSITIVE EARS ARE SOLELY FOR PICKING UP SLIGHT SOUNDS SPELLING DANGER, OR FOR ULTRASONIC COMMUNICATION SIGNALS BETWEEN OKAPIS, OR BOTH.

Pholographs by Neave Parker.

of total darkness. There also they build their nests. At night they leave the caves to feed on the wing, using an echo-location comparable to that of bats. also been demonstrated in recent years that dolphins and porpoises are sensitive to ultrasonic

emissions, and it is suspected that although they and some of the larger whales use calls audible to the human ear, they may also be using others of higher frequencies which we can not hear.

These are not the only examples. We are told that the bank vole uses ultrasonics, and it is reasonable to suspect that other small mammals, voles, mice and perhaps more besides, may also be using them. It has been shown also that a cat's ear is sensitive to the higher frequencies and works inefficiently at the average levels of the human voice. Putting these two things together tends to give us a different picture of the cat's activities. When we see it sitting beside a mouse-hole apparently waiting for something to turn up, there may be a different story that it is listening in a different story, that it is listening-in to sounds we can not hear.

Once these suggestions have taken root in our minds, it is natural that the imagination is apt to leap ahead of factual research. Even so, there is justification for picturing to ourselves a world of animal sounds which man can not share except through the delicate instru-

ments he can devise. Since these instruments belong to laboratory research most of us can only share at second-hand. This flight of imagination is fed by such suggestions as this, that when the robin ceases his song but remains poised, with his beak open, he is, in fact, still singing but at a pitch beyond our hearing. There is also the fact that quite number of animals make relatively few soundsaudible to our ears—but themselves have very large and sensitive ears, suggesting that they hear very much better than we do. This brings us back to the giraffe.

Not only has the almost voiceless giraffe well-developed vocal cords, but it also has large ears. The possession of large ears can have the following uses: to detect moving prey, to detect the approach of enemies, or to pick up slight sounds for other and more general purposes. A giraffe is a herbivore, so does not need large ears for the first reason. It has few enemies, so few indeed that one would have thought that large ears, in addition to large eyes and sensitive nostrils, were hardly necessary for protection against foes. On the other hand, these large, sensitive ears, together with a large larynx and the use on only rare occasions of sounds audible to human ears, could suggest the use of ultrasonics for communication between the giraffes themselves.

It is of interest at this point to recall

the only other member of the giraffe family, the okapi, living a solitary life, not in herds or groups, so far as we know, in the dense tropical forests of Africa. The same arguments used for the giraffe can be applied to the okapi, but as it lives well away from other okapis, the need, especially in the breeding season, for communication between individuals would demand even larger and more sensitive ears. These the okapi has in full measure:

would stress that all that has been said here about the possible use by the giraffe and the okapi of ultrasonics is pure speculation. It is put forward as an alternative hypothesis to that invoking a telepathy, without necessarily ruling the latter out. There is at least one more thing to be said. If the pattern of the coat of a giraffe or an okapi provides the camouflage which many writers would have us believe, it must not only hide these animals from their enemies, but also hide them from each other. In that case, to argue that they keep in touch with each other by ultrasonics or telepathy, or the two combined, is not necessarily an extravagance.

PERSONALITIES AND EVENTS OF THE WEEK: SOME PEOPLE IN THE PUBLIC EYE.



SCIENTIST AND HUMANIST: THE LATE

SCIENTIST AND HUMANIST: THE LATE PROFESSOR H. R. ROBINSON.

Professor H. R. Robinson, F.R.S., who was Vice-Chancellor of London University from June 1954 until his resignation at the beginning of last month on medical advice, died on November 28 aged sixty-six. He was Professor of Physics from 1930-53, and Vice-Principal from 1946-53 of Queen Mary College, University of London. He was greatly interested in theatre and ballet and was a member of the governing body of the Old Vic.



DEATH OF THE BISHOP OF COVENTRY:

DEATH OF THE BISHOP OF COVENTRY:

DR. N. V. GORTON.

The Right Rev. N. V. Gorton, D.D., died on November 30 at the age of sixty-seven. He was ordained in 1914 and joined the staff of Sedbergh School. In 1934 he was appointed headmaster of Blundell's School. In 1943 he became Bishop of Coventry, where the cathedral was already in ruins. He immediately devoted himself to the reconstruction plans. Dr. Gorton was known for his outspoken opinions on the problems facing the church.



A STATESMAN OF THE EMPIRE THE LATE LORD ALTRINCHAM.

Lord Altrincham, well known during the war as Sir Edward Grigg, died on December 1, aged seventy-six. He was M.P. for Oldham from 1922 until 1925, when he was appointed Governor of Kenya. From 1933-45 he was Conservative M.P. for Altrincham. Among his wartime appointments was that of Joint Parliamentary Under-Secretary of State for War. He was created Baron Altrincham in 1945.



THE FIRST
AMBASSADOR FROM
LAOS: PRINCE
TIAO KHAMPAN.

TIAO KHAMPAN.
H.R.H. Prince Tiao Khampan presented his Letters of Credence as the first Ambassador to Britain from Laos on December 1. The Prince, who is forty-seven years old, is the son of King Sisavang Vong, the ruler of Laos. He has previously been his country's Minister at Bangkok. He has brought with him to London his family of eight children.

eight children.

NEW PRESIDENT OF THE ROYAL SOCIETY:

NEW PRESIDENT OF THE ROYAL SOCIETY:
SIR C. HINSHELWOOD.

At the anniversary meeting of the Royal Society, on November 30, Sir Cyril Hinshelwood, Dr. Lee's Professor of Chemistry at Oxford, was elected President of the Society. Sir Cyril, who is fifty-eight, was elected F.R.S. in 1929 and has been foreign secretary of the Royal Society since 1950. He is widely known for his research work as a physical chemist. He was inducted into office by his predecessor, Lord Adrian, O.M.

EQUERRY TO THE QUEEN: MAJOR J. AGUIYI-IRONSI.

AGUIYI-IRONSI.

The names of those who will be in attendance on the Queen and the Duke of Edinburgh during their tour of Nigeria early next year were announced on November 29. Major J. Aguiyi-Ironsi, the Nigeria Regiment, has been appointed equerry to the Queen during the tour. He is thirty-one years old and was commissioned in 1949. He is at present on a course at Warminster.



FAMOUS AUTHOR CELEBRATES HIS GOLDEN WEDDING

SIR COMPTON AND LADY MACKENZIE.

On November 30 Sir Compton and Lady Mackenzie celebrated their Golden Wedding. They are shown here at their London home, into which flowed a constant stream of congratulatory messages on this happy occasion. Sir Compton and his wife are both 72 years old. He published his first play, "The Gentleman in Grey," in 1906, his first book of poems in 1907 and his first novel, "The Passionate Elopement," in 1911.



THE DEFEATED FRENCH PREMIER:

M. EDGAR FAURE:

M. EDGAR FAURE:

On November 29 the
Government of M. Edgar
Faure was defeated on a
vote of confidence in
the French National the French National Assembly by an absolute majority. This overwhelming defeat entitled the Government to order the dissolution, and a general election has been arranged for January 2. M. Faure, seen here at a recent Press conference, has been Prime Minister for just over eight months.





BACK IN THE U.N. GENERAL ASSEMBLY AFTER A TWO-MONTHS'
BOYCOTT: THE FRENCH DELEGATION.

On September 30 the French delegation walked out of the U.N. General
Assembly in protest against the decision to debate Algeria. On November 25
it was announced that the French delegation had been ordered to return
immediately as the Algerian question had been struck off the Assembly's agenda.
Seen here (from l. to r.) are MM. Louis de Guiringaud, Jules Moch and Hervé
Alphand, the French delegates who resumed their places on November 29.



THE NEW U.S. MINISTER IN LONDON;
MR. WALWORTH BARBOUR.
Mr. Walworth Barbour, until recently Deputy
Assistant Secretary of State in Washington,
arrived in London on December 1 to take up his
new post as Minister and Deputy Chief of Mission
at the United States Embassy. Mr. Barbour,
entered the U.S. foreign service in 1931. He succeeds Mr. W. Walton Butterworth, who is going
to Luxembourg to represent the U.S. at the H.Q.
of the European Coal and Steel Community.



THE EDITOR OF LA PRENSA RETURNS TO BUENOS AIRES:

THE EDITOR OF LA PREMAN RETURNS TO BUENCE ARREST.

DR. ALBERTO GAINZA PAZ AND HIS WIFE.

After four years' voluntary exile, Dr. Alberto Gainza Paz, the proprietor and editor of the leading Argentine newspaper La Prensa, returned to Buenos Aires with his wife on December 1. La Prensa was seized by President Peron in 1951, and the new government has now returned it by decree to Dr. Paz, whose family founded the newspaper in 1869. The paper was closed for a few days to enable the restoration procedure to be completed.

NEW BUILDINGS IN ITALY, GERMANY AND SCOTLAND: A FIRE AT RICHMOND AND A CROSS-ATLANTIC VENTURE.



(LEFT.)
A NEW CHURCH NEAR
ROME: THE CHURCH OF
THE SACRED HEART OF
JESUS AT VITINIA, A NEW
SUBURB OF ROME, WHICH
WAS OPENED BY THE
CARDINAL VICAR-GENERAL
OF ROME ON OCTOBER 8.

OF ROME ON OCTOBER 8.

Since the war many new churches have been built in Europe, and a large number of these are in character with the most modern architectural trends. Two such are the church at Vitinia, near Rome, which was designed by the Roman architect, Ildo Avetta, and the new Matthæus Kirche in Munich, which has been built to replace one pulled down under the Nazis. The Matthæus Kirche, which is a Protestant church, was opened on November 27. It is among the largest thanks built in Cermany since the war.



ANOTHER CHURCH WITH THE "NEW LOOK": THE REBUILT MATTHÆUS KIRCHE IN MUNICH, WHICH HAS BEEN DARINGLY DESIGNED BY GUSTAV GSÄNGER.



IN BUTTEROUP, IN WHICH THEY PLAN TO SAIL ACROSS THE ATLANTIC: MAJOR I. MAJOR (LEFT) AND MAJOR G. SILLARS.





SHOWING THE TWIN KEELS WHICH ACT AS STABILISERS:

A VIEW OF THE 25-FT. MOTOR SAILER BUTTERCUP.

Two officers, Major Ian Major, a former Royal Marine, and Major Gordon Sillars, who is a Regular Royal Marine, plan to leave England soon to cross the Atlantic in Buttercup, a 25-ft. motor sailer built nineteen years ago.



FIGHTING THE FLAMES ON THE ROOF: FIREMEN DEALING WITH A FIRE WHICH BROKE OUT AT WHITE LODGE, RICHMOND, ON NOVEMBER 28.
WHITE LODGE IS A FORMER ROYAL RESIDENCE.



ALMOST COMPLETED: THE NEW NATIONAL LIBRARY OF SCOTLAND ON GEORGE IV. BRIDGE, IN THE CENTRE OF EDINBURGH. THE BUILDING, DESIGNED BY THE LATE DR. REGINALD F. O. FAIRLIE, WAS STARTED SIXTEEN YEARS AGO AFTER THE DEMOLITION OF THE OLD SHERIFF COURT-HOUSE.

FROM FAR AND NEAR: SOME NEWS ITEMS RECORDED BY THE CAMERA.



THE ORIGINAL HOME OF THE SCOTTISH OFFICE TO WHICH THEY HAVE NOW RETURNED: DOVER HOUSE, SHOWING THE ENTRANCE HALL DESIGNED BY HENRY HOLLAND. On November 29 the Scottish Office returned to their original home in Dover House which they occupied from the establishment of the Office in 1885 until 1941. The building, which is rich in historical associations, was damaged in an air raid and has been restored.



REBUILT AND REDEDICATED ON DECEMBER 4: THE NEW CHURCH OF ST. COLUMBA IN PONT STREET, LONDON, ON THE SITE OF THE OLD CHURCH.



WITH THE CREST OF THE LONDON SCOTTISH REGIMENT ON THE WALL: THE INTERIOR OF THE REGIMENT'S MEMORIAL TRANSEPT IN THE NEW CHURCH OF ST. COLUMBA. St. Columba's (Church of Scotland), built on the site of the church destroyed in an air raid, was rededicated on December 4. The architect of the new church is Sir Edward Maufe, R.A. The Queen Mother was unable to attend the ceremony owing to a cold.



MADE FOR SIR WINSTON CHURCHILL'S EIGHTY-FIRST BIRTHDAY: A CAKE IN THE FORM OF THE HARROW SCHOOL BOATER WITH A BELL ON TOP.

Sir Winston Churchill celebrated his eighty-first birthday on November 30. Among the many tributes he received from all parts of the world was a medallion from President Eisenhower. Sir Winston and Lady Churchill entertained members of the family and a few friends at luncheon.



ON HIS EIGHTY-FIRST BIRTHDAY: SIR WINSTON CHURCHILL, WITH LADY CHURCHILL, AT THE DOOR OF HIS HYDE PARK GATE HOME ACKNOWLEDGING GREETINGS FROM WELL-WISHERS.



ABOUT TO BE FELLED: OSLO'S NINTH CHRISTMAS

TREE FOR TRAFALGAR SQUARE.
On November 30 a Christmas tree, now on its way to London,

On November 30 a Christmas tree, now on its way to London, was felled in the valley of Soerkedalen, near the Norwegian capital. The tree, the ninth to be presented to London by the people of Oslo since 1947, will be illuminated in Trafalgar Square from December 20 until January 5.



LOOKING AT A CROSS STAFF OF THE TYPE CARRIED IN THE ORIGINAL MAFFLOWER: CMDR. A. T. VILLIERS (RIGHT) WITH CMDR. W. G. MAY. This photograph, which was taken at the National Maritime Museum, Greenwich, on December 1, shows Commander A. T. Villiers, who is to command the 183-ton reproduction of the Pilgrim Fathers' vessel now being built at Brixham, Devon, looking at a cross staff of the kind carried in the original Mayflower to check the altitude of the sun. Holding the cross staff is Commander W. G. May, who is Deputy Director of the Museum.



A WORLD RECORD-BREAKER: TREGONING DUSKY FALERIE, A RED FOLL COW OWNED BY A. M. EMMOTT, OF BENSON'S FARM, FAYGATE, SUSSEX, WHICH HAS BROKEN THE RECORD FOR THE BREED ON TWO CONSECUTIVE DAYS. ON THE FIRST DAY SHE GAVE 104 LB. OF MILK AND ON THE SECOND 107½ LB.



be seen to be disbelieved.

No truly avid filmgoer will fail to add "The Night

of the Hunter" to his or her collection of curiosities, of oddities one would not like to have missed. The basis is a novel by Davis Grubb, of

which and of whom—doubtless to my shame—I have never heard before. But the screen-play is by James

Agee, a distinguished writer in and around the Ameri-

can cinema, and the direction is by none other than our own Charles Laughton, his very first essay in that line. It is to

Perhaps if Mr. Laughton had played

his own weird psychopathic hero-villain, instead of entrusting the rôle to Robert Mitchum, it would all have made better sense or happier nonsense? As it now

stands, Mr. Mitchum has to represent a wandering soul-saver who is so intent on building a tabernacle in the wilderness (the locale is not sufficiently indicated, though I think I heard mention of the

River Missouri) that he first marries and then murders a widow who is said

own 10,000 dollars burgled by a husband

who has just been hanged.

The dead man had bestowed the money on his two children, John and Pearl, with instructions to keep it securely hidden inside the latter's ragdoll. The peculiar stolidity of these two

children is one of the most remarkable

things about this film, when we remember how well children, as a rule, are made to seem to act. John and Pearl play with restraint, but it is a restraint which

seems always about to be broken with the desire to laugh in the face of Mr. Mitchum, who shouts and utters loud animal noises at them, which behaviour is supposed to be frightening the wits out of them. One gets much

the same impression from the restrained countenance of Shelley Winters as their mother. She is supposed to marry the Preacher Errant out of a mixture of fear,

fascination and the need for protection.

after her marriage and her murder—which follows "hard upon"—Miss Winters gives us the impression

WORLD OF THE CINEMA.

COLLECTORS' PIECE.

By ALAN DENT.

It is all most odd. And just when we are about to turn away in a mood of aversion to all this night-mare whimsey-whamsey, the film arrives at a haven of rest in the blest person of Lillian Gish impersonating an eccentric, ageing spinster who looks after children and welcomes our two fugitives into her crackpot little household by the river's banks. This character called

OUR CRITIC'S CHOICE.



MISS LILLIAN GISH AS RACHEL, SEEN HERE AMONG HER FAMILY OF FOSTER-CHILDREN, IN THE FILM, "THE NIGHT OF THE HUNTER" (UNITED ARTISTS), WHICH IS DIRECTED BY CHARLES LAUGHTON.

In choosing Miss Lillian Gish as the outstanding film-actress of the fortnight, Mr. Dent writes: "In 'The Night of the Hunter,' the beloved Lillian Gish—too ageless to be called a veteran, though she was a major film-actress as long ago as 1912—plays an eccentric and adorable old maid. She is like a bird, but compares herself to a tree sheltering little birds in the shape of lost children. Miss Gish's urgent, tender, importunate quality turns the end of this uneasy film into something absolute and sincere and astringently sweet."

Rachel compares herself to a tree whose branches give rest to lost little birds in the shape of children. She outwits the Preacher Errant, who is now desperate and armed, because she is armed herself with steadfast-

ness as well as a shot-gun. She flutters like Dickens's Miss Tox and yet she has the strength of Dickens's Miss Trotwood. She is terribly senti-mental, and yet she is sterling and strong. She van-quishes her enemy, with the timely aid of State Troopers, and Mr. Mitchum slinks away before end like the shades of night before the redrising sun. restores the film to a kind of wild sense just when it was tippling on the verge of the wildest nonsense. even in its earlier stages, quite over the verge,

never just plain ludicrous. There is one particular

shot of almost complete nocturnal darkness, with the pursuer on horseback appearing in silhouette against a tiny patch of white sky in the top left-hand corner of the screen: this kind of effect, once or twice repeated, arrests the laughter in us, peremptorily and beyond gainsay, and indicates that Mr. Laughton will, some day soon, do something very striking indeed with a script by some Ambrose Bierce

of the screen. Or, failing a Bierce, maybe Steinbeck?

"The things one has to do for money!" exclaims Peter Finch at one point in "Simon and Laura." He is impersonating an extravagant actor leading a cat-and-dog life with his wife, who is an actress, handsomely impersonated by Kay Kendall. The two

have been chosen to appear as themselves, an ideally married pair, on television. The engagement happens at the very start of one of their crises, when he—not she—is just about to pack his bags to go back home to mother. Expediency obliges them to stay together and act as examples of domestic bliss to countless millions of watching homes, once a

week for practically evermore.

The comedy is tempestuously well played, and there is a heavenly climax which can be divulged because it is obvious from the start—when the two really lose their ideal tempers at last, and arrive at abuse and blows right out of their script during an actual relay. Alan Melville's comedy is even more amusing than it was in the theatre, where, naturally enough, we could not see the effect of this unscripted quarrel on an actual British home, with Mum and Dad, and Doris and Derek staring aghast at the disruption of their favourite illusion. Ian Carmichael's study of a television director is exactly like the real thing-lambently, delectably.

For an evaluation of the merits of "Oh, Rosalinda!!" there is, fortunately, not much space left. This is a frisky and savourless and tawdrily decorated version savourless and tawdrily decorated version of Johann Strauss's operetta, "Die Fledermaus." One would only ask, at this time of day, whether the sparkling music need be quite so poorly played and recorded. There is no excuse for such feeble reproduction in these days. In a recent short film called "On Such a Night"—directed by Anthony Asquith, with a charming script by Paul Dehn—we see a young American bewilderedly caught up in a modish crowd on the way to the opera at Glyndebourne. The immediate point is that the



But even

"SIMON AND LAURA" (J. ARTHUR RANK) IS THE STORY OF A FAMOUS HUSBAND-AND-WIFE ACTING TEAM WITH A TURBULENT PRIVATE LIFE WHO BECOME THE STARS AS AN "IDEAL MARRIED COUPLE" IN A DAILY TV SERIES. IN THIS LIVELY SCENE FROM THE "HEAVENLY CLIMAN," LAURA (KAY KENDALL) IS SWEEPING PAST THE RECUMBENT FIGURE OF BERTIE (HUBERT GREGG) TO JOIN IN THE FRAY BETWEEN HER HUSBAND, SIMON (PETER FINCH) AND DAVID (IAN CARMICHAEL; IN SHIRTSLEEVES). THE FILM IS DIRECTED BY MURIEL BOX. (LONDON PREMIÈRE, NOVEMBER 25; LONDON PAVILION.)

laughter, rather than to the killer's knife. The children take flight down the river in a skiff, with the valuable rag-doll safely stowed between them; and the Preacher Errant chases them along the bank on horseback. He looks on the unbal on horseback. He looks, on the whole, rather more scared than they do, and the director, Mr. Laughton, punctuates the journey with symbolic close-ups of owls and frogs, and water-creatures, and crescent moon.



MICHAEL REDGRAVE AS COLONEL EISENSTEIN IN "OH, ROSA-LINDA!!" (ASSOCIATED BRITISH PATHE) DANCES JOYFULLY AFTER RECEIVING GOOD NEWS. MR. DENT DESCRIBES THIS FILM AS "A FRISKY AND SAVOURLESS AND TAWDRILY DECORATED VER-SION OF JOHANN STRAUSS'S OPERETTA, 'DIE FLEDERMAUS.'" (LONDON PREMIÈRE, NOVEMBER 17; RIALTO.)

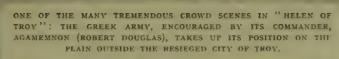
excerpts from "Figaro" which we hear are most beautifully played and reproduced, because some musical care has gone to the process. As for the acting of "Oh, Rosalinda!!" one would only put on record that it includes Michael Redgrave singing and prancing, and Anthony Quayle looking understandably grave while drinking champagne. As Simon remarks in that other and much happier comedy, "The things one has to do for money!

A MAMMOTH AMERICAN FILM PRODUCTION—WARNER BROS.' "HELEN OF TROY."





QUEEN HECUBA (NORA SWINBURNE) WELCOMES HELEN (ROSSANA PODESTA) ON HER ARRIVAL IN TROY, WHILE PARIS (JACK SERNAS, LEFT), CASSANDRA (JANETTE SCOTT) AND KING PRIAM (SIR CEDRIC HARDWICKE, RIGHT) LOOK ON. A SCENE FROM "HELEN OF TROY."





HELEN IS RESCUED BY PARIS FROM THE CLUTCHES OF HER EMBITTERED HUSBAND, KING MENELAUS OF SPARTA (NIALL MACGINNIS, LEFT).



LOCKED IN FIERCE COMBAT: paris, Helen's Youthful LOVER, AND KING MENELAUS (LEFT), HER REJECTED HUSBAND.



PRINCE ÆNEAS (RONALD LEWIS, RIGHT) COMFORTS HIS FRIEND PARIS, THE BEAUTIFUL HELEN LOOKS ON. HELEN'S ABDUCTION TROY HAS RUINED PARIS'S CHERISHED PLANS FOR PEACH.



THE JOYFUL AND UNSUSPECTING TROJANS DRAG THE GIANT WOODEN HORSE INTO THEIR CITY. THE GREEKS APPEAR TO HAVE LEFT AND THE TROJANS PREPARE TO CELEBRATE.

ON January 26 of next year the Warner Bros. CinemaScope and CinemaScope and WarnerColor production, "Helen of Troy," will be premièred simultaneously in 126 cities of fifty-six countries all over the world. H.R.H. Princess Margaret has graciously consented to attend the première at the Warner Theatre, London, which is being organised by being organised by the Variety Club of Great Britain in aid of the Dockland aid of the Dockland
Settlement. There
will be seven other
premières in the
British Isles, all of
which benefit local
charities. Starring
the nineteen-yearold Italian actress,
Rossana Podesta,
[Continued belose.]



AFTER A NIGHT OF TROJAN REJOICING ALL IS QUIET IN THE CITY. THE GREEK LEADERS CREEP OUT OF THE WOODEN HORSE.

Continued.] as the lovely Helen and the young Lithuanian-born actor, Jack Sernas, as the youthful Prince Paris, this film tells the story of their romantic love and of the tragedy and final destruction which it brought to the gallant city of Troy. Among the other stars of this immense production are Sir Cedric Hardwicke as King Priam, Nora Swinburne as his Queen, Hecuba, Janette Scott as their tormented daughter,

Cassandra, and Torin Thatcher as the subtle Ulysses. Great care was taken to achieve accuracy in the historical details of this production, which was filmed at the Cine Citta studios in Rome. Particularly striking is the reconstruction of the famous wooden horse, which is 40 ft. high and weighs more than 80 tons. At one time near on 6000 actors and extras were taking part in this tremendous project.

LAND, SEA AND AIR: NEWS OF THE THREE ELEMENTS FROM THREE COUNTRIES.



THE NEW TROOPSHIP NEVASA (20,800 TONS) AFTER HER LAUNCHING IN THE CLYDE ON NOVEMBER 30 BY

MRS. BOYD-CARPENTER, WIFE OF THE MINISTER OF TRANSPORT AND CIVIL AVIATION.

Nevasa, built by Barclay, Curle and Co., Ltd., for the British India Steam Navigation Co., is the third of her name built for the
Company. A steam turbine vessel, with a service speed of 17 knots, she is being fitted with stabilisers. She is expected to

go into service as a trooper in summer, 1956.



THE FIRST SHIP TO ENTER HOLLAND'S NEWEST DRY DOCK: THE SHELL TANKER VASIM (31,000 TONS) ENTERING THE DOCK AT AMSTERDAM.

On November 28, Mrs. d'Ailly-Fritz, wife of the Burgomaster of Amsterdam, opened a new dry dock of the Netherlands Dry Dock and Shipping Co. It can take vessels up to 60,000 tons deadweight and has been built specially for the docking of large oil tankers, and is the biggest ever built in the Netherlands.



A ROYAL PIGEON FROM THE LOFTS AT SANDRINGHAM: A RACING PIGEON ENTERED BY H.M. THE QUEEN AT THE INTERNATIONAL RACING PIGEON SHOW IN LONDON. Some 3179 racing pigeons from a number of countries were entered at the International Racing Pigeon Show at the R.H.S. Hail, in London. Among the entries for the Crand Challenge Cup were two birds belonging to the Queen and seven entered by Prince Bernhard of the Netherlands. This cup was won by a bird belonging to a Welsh miner, Mr. Trevor Parker.



A NEW GAS TURBINE HELICOPTER, CLAIMED TO BE THE LARGEST IN THE WORLD: THE PIASECKI YH-16A
"TURBO TRANSPORTER" WHICH CAN CARRY FORTY PASSENGERS.

A new turbine-powered helicopter, claimed to be the largest in the world, was flown for the first time in public on December 6 at Philadelphia. The Piasecki YH-16A weighs 16 tons and can carry forty passengers in comfort at a speed of approximately 150 m.p.h. It could be used for troop transportation.



RESTORED BY THE SCIENCE MUSEUM TO TAKE PART IN THE VETERAN CAR RUN:

A 5-H.P. PEUGEOT MOTOR-CAR OF 1902, PRESENTED TO THE MUSEUM IN 1938.

Presented to the Science Museum in 1938, this fine 1902 Model 5-h.p. Peugeot motor-car was carefully and exactly restored in the Museum's workshops recently in order to participate in the Veteran Car Run on November 13. The car completed the journey to Brighton in 2 hrs. 50 mins.



SHEPHERDING IN COMFORT—AND STYLE: A SHEPHERD AND HIS DOG TRAVELLING BY RAIL* CAR ON A LINE AMONG THE SOUTH WALES HILLS TO ROUND UP AND RECOVER SHEEP STRAYING ON THE LINE. SOME HUNDREDS OF SHEEP HAVE BEEN SAVED BY THIS MEANS IN. THE TALYLLYN JUNCTION NEIGHBOURHOOD.

THE WORLD'S LARGEST TANKER, AND ROYAL ACTIVITIES IN JAPAN, IRAQ AND INDIA.



TO OPERATE, IT IS CLAIMED, . UNDER THE LARGEST SHAFT POWER EVER EMPLOYED FOR A SINGLE-SCREW MERCHANT VESSEL: THE SINGLE SCREW OF THE NEW TANKER SPIROS MIARCHOS. On December 2 Lady Weeks, wife of Sir Ronaid Weeks, chairman of Vickers, launched in the Barrow-in-Furness shipyard of Vickers-Armstrongs (Shipbuilders) Ltd. the tanker Spyros Niarchos, whose 47,750 tons deadweight make her some 250 tons larger than the biggest tanker now afloat. She is the ninth in a programme of ten tankers being built by Vickers for the Greek shipowner, Mr. Stavros Niarchos. This huge tanker is 750 ft. long, 97 ft. broad and 52 ft. deep, and will carry her cargo of crude oil at 17 knots.



A JAPANESE PRINCE COMES OF AGE: PRINCE MASAHITO OF YOSHINOMIYA PRESENTING HIMSELF BEFORE HIS FATHER, THE EMPEROR OF JAPAN, ON HIS TWENTIETH BIRTHDAY. On November 28 Prince Masahito of Japan reached the age of twenty and came of age. Our photograph shows him wearing the minor's costume of embroidered silk with white collar but the "coming of age crown" while he bows before the Emperor and Empress. He is the Emperor's second son.



THE WORLD'S LARGEST TANKER AND THE LARGEST MERCHANT SHIP LAUNCHED IN BRITAIN SINCE THE WAR: THE 47,750-TON TANKER, SPIROS NIARCHOS, AFTER HER LAUNCH AT BARROW-IN-FURNESS ON DECEMBER 2.



KING FEISAL OF IRAQ (SECOND FROM LEFT) TOURING THE NEW OIL REFINERY AT DAURA,

NEAR BACHDAD, WHICH HE HAD JUST OFENED ON NOVEMBER 28.

At Daura, on the River Tigris, three miles south of Baghdad, King Feisal opened on November 28 Iraq's first Government-owned oil refinery. This refinery has cost more than £11,000,000 to build and the cost of the new pipe-line bringing crude oil from Baiji is additional. It is capable of handling about 27,000 barrels of crude oil a day, rising later to 30,000 tons.

INDIA'S OTHER STATE VISITOR: KING SAUD OF SAUDI ARABIA (RIGHT) AT A DELHI TEA-PARTY, WITH MR. NEHRU (LEFT). THE KING WAS ACCOMPANIED BY A LARGE RETINUE. On November 27, a few days before the Russian leaders left Calcutta for Burma, India welcomed at Delhi another State visitor, King Saud of Saudi Arabia, who arrived with a large retinue for a seventeen-day visit to the country. He was received at the airport by President Prasad and Mr. Nehru, and was greeted with a 21-gun salute.



WORLD THEATRE. THE OF THE

NEW VOICES.

By J. C. TREWIN.

IT is a catch-phrase now to say that there are no new dramatists. One has the impression of a group of theatre managers sitting

glumly in, perhaps, the Albert Hall while mounds of rejected scripts are borne past them to the fire. Slowly they disperse to telephone Paris or New York, or else to wonder whether there might be something in the work of that fellow, Dion Boucicault-or, maybe, Tom Taylor.

I have never given myself to these excesses of despair. New plays are always around, and always being produced, though we have often to go out from the West End in search of them. The trouble is that the West End will sometimes neglect the valuable new work that is offered to it. For example, Henry Treece's "Carnival Treece's "Carnival King" should have had London on its trail long ago. Possibly it will be greeted one day as a find; but it is nearly two years since it was staged in The the provinces. arrival of a printed text may now do something to stir the

managerial conscience. During the last

week I have met two new plays, neither of which is likely (I am afraid) to reach London, but for different reasons. "The Iron Harp," just done at the Guildford Theatre, is certainly worth a central production, but the dramatist, Joseph O'Conor, has—I imagine—allowed his honesty to destroy any chance. The play is tragic, and, in these days, uncompromising tragedy is not popular. Still, it would be a thousand pities if "The Iron Harp" were to be silenced at once, and it is improbable that it will, for I am sure other repertory theatres will be eager to stage it.

Mr. O'Conor, an actor-dramatist, takes the title of his play from the legend of the Harp of Finn, which had three strings. The bronze string put the listener to sleep, the silver to mirth, and the iron to tears. There are tears, indeed, in the play, which takes us back to the Ireland of thirty-five years ago, to the dark period of the "troubles," when the Irish Republican Army and the Black-and-Tans fought so desperately. Michael O'Riordon, an I.R.A. officer who had been

blinded in an ambush, has under his charge a British Army prisoner on parole, a Captain John Tregarthen (who farms in Buckinghamshire, but who ought, surely, to come from West Cornwall). Michael and his prisoner have become good friends, and their friendship can survive even Tregarthen's engagement to Michael's cousin.

But it is a grim world. In Dublin the Black-and-Tans have shot three Irish prisoners. There must be revenge, reprisal. The order goes out that three British prisoners must be shot, and in a tense scene the I.R.A. commandant, a dour, complex figure, watches the blind man "pricking" the names. The last name is bound to be that of Tregarthen. He must die; there is no hope for it.

I need not take the story of the play further. There is much more; I have indicated that the end is tragic when a little theatrical shuffling might have sent us away with a feeling of false satisfaction: a feeling that would not have lasted. It is all very well to juggle a play to a happy ending, but it can be totally false in retrospect. Joseph O'Conor, who is

an artist, has allowed the play to take its inevitable course. It is a fine thing to have done, for he must have guessed that he was damaging his work commercially

more of the plot than one would normally, that is because "The Iron Harp" is a work of quality that should be seen; it is best at once to be candid, and not to pretend that the piece is roses all the way. Playgoers who love the theatre will not be put off. I would like very much to think that the West End will not be put off, but that, alas, is doubtful.

Agreed, the piece needs revision.
O'Conor is an imaginative dramatist who loves words, and who has not full control of them yet. of the Irish rhapsodising is laid on too thickly; throughout the first act one was

felicity of phrase. Alert sub-editing would help, and also, I submit, the painless removal of the Englishman who owns the house in which Michael lives: it is the brand of irrelevant

humour that does no good to the play.

The third act is undeniably fine, and it is in a third act that so many dramatists crumple. But O'Conor is resourceful. Even the talk, apparently of small consequence, with which Michael and Tregarthen fill the minutes before daybreak and possible escape, is memorably managed. "The Iron Harp" is worth is memorably managed. "The Iron Harp" is worth the attention of responsible managements; at present, I feel, it is a first version of the play, but it is easy to I feel, it is a first version of the play, but it is easy to imagine a second version of uncommon power. Joseph O'Conor himself, as the visionary Michael, and Diarmuid Kelly as the commandant (whose character had better come home to playgoers in performance), both acted at Guildford in a manner worthy of the writing; and the rest of the cast, with David William to direct, held the play to our satisfaction. Some of it is as near to O'Casey as we have yet had.

have yet had.

It is harder to speak with enthusiasm of "The Love Affair," a play by Dulcie Gray, set in a Pimlico art school, which has had a week's run at the Alexandra Theatre, Birmingham. This was a special event. The Stratford-upon-Avon season in which Miss Gray's husband, Michael Denison, was acting, had just ended. With some members of the Stratford company in the cast, he put on his wife's play, under Derek Salberg's management, for an experimental week: a venture one had hoped might succeed. There were several emissaries from London in the first-night audience. They saw from London in the first-night audience. They saw some first-rate acting, a good production by Mr. Denison, and not very much of a piece.

Here also Miss Gray has been uncompromising. She drops her last curtain on a question-mark; it is not the kind of romantic ending to satisfy the weaker spirits. Unfortunately, she has not established her people. True, she is interested in them, in the philanderer who is out for a good time one, and it will be all right), and in the woman who is loving ardently at last. Each of them is married. It is a difficult situation that needs, I think, to be resolved in a novel. Miss Gray, for all her excitement about her people, has not been able to express it in the theatre. The play does not grow; its fire smoulders. We know that something is happening, that there is wit in the dialogue, that Miss Gray has been eager to animate

setting that she knows well. Even so, it does remain a play

"ITS EFFECT DEPENDS SOLELY
UPON THE PERSONALITIES
OF MISS KELLY AND MR.
BRADEN ": "ANNIVERSARY
WALTZ," SHOWING A SCENE
FROM ACT 3, IN WHICH DEBBIE
(MAXINE ASLANOFF) HAS RETURNED FROM THE TELEVISION STUDIO AND IS BEING
PROTFECTED BY HER MOTHER
(BARBARA KELLY) FROM THE
ANGER OF HER FATHER
(BERNARD BRADEN—CENTRE).
DE BBIE'S GRANDPARENTS,
MR. GANS (NICHOLAS JOY) AND
MRS. GANS (ALETHA ORR),
LOOK ON.

knows well. Even so, it does remain a play of small-talk where it should have been something more, and the players—excellent players, Maxine Audley, Keith Michell, Brian Oulton—are hampered by this lack of opportunity to expand.

I am quite sure that Dulcie Gray is going to be a dramatist; her name is firmly on the waiting register. "The Love Affair" is not the play to take her from the ante-room. It can touch the silver string now and again, but more than once, and uncomfortably, it can slither on to the bronze.



OUR CRITIC'S FIRST-NIGHT JOURNAL

"THE IRON HARP" (Guildford Theatre).—O'Casey might have been proud to sign some of the speeches in Joseph O'Conor's play, a surprising feat for a new dramatist. Mr. O'Conor knows his theatre, and he has composed the play (of the "troubles" in the Ireland of 1920) with strength, truth and an unusual flowering of phrase. Certainly it is the most promising new piece for a long while, and Guildford Theatre—and the Arts Council—should be proud of it.

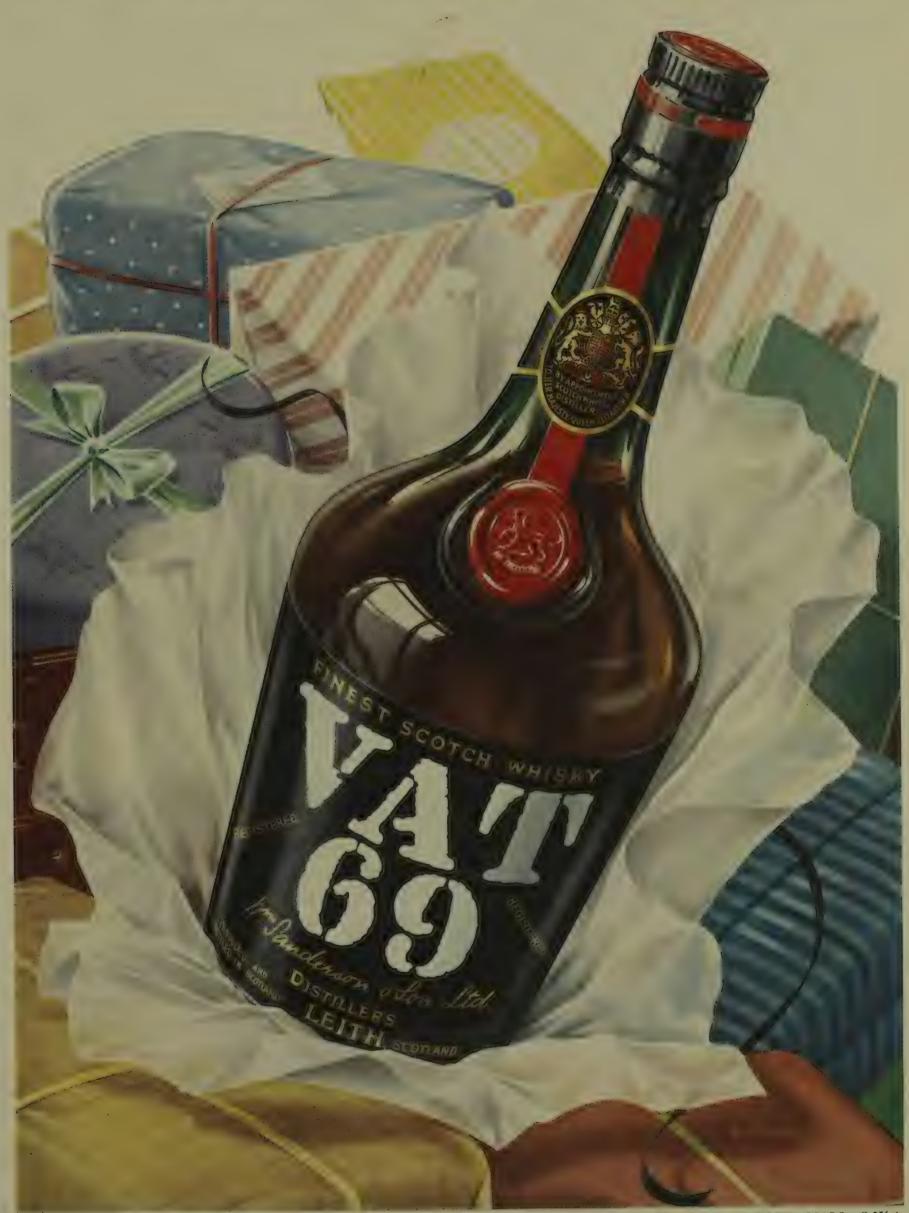
"THE LOVE AFFAIR" (Alexandra, Birmingham).—With Michael Denison to produce a play by his wife, Dulcie Gray, and with some of the leading members of the recent Stratford-upon-Avon cast to act it, this Birmingham theatre had an excited first-night audience. The play did not warrant the excitement, though we can be sure enough that others by Miss Gray will.

"A GREEN GIRL" (Richmond).—This is a new version of Hugh Ross Williamson's study of a complex quartet, originally called "Diamond Cut Diamond." He is an invigorating intellectual dramatist; the piece comes to an urgent life on the Richmond stage, with Jean Bloor (the girl of the title) and Valerie White especially apt as two women whose characters need more discussion than one can give in a "stop press" paragraph. (Seen November 29.)

"ANNIVERSARY WALTZ!" (Loris)

"ANNIVERSARY WALTZ" (Lyric).—Wedding anniversaries in New York are managed oddly. If you are having your fifteenth, it seems a normal thing to kick to pieces a pair of outsize television sets. We fear for a third, but the curtain falls upon domestic bliss, the reconciliation of resolute wife (Barbara Kelly) and stormy husband (Bernard Braden), who are plainly set for another fifteen years. It is a brash, boisterous American family comedy with the inevitable trimmings. Jerome Chedorov and Joseph Fields have written it; here its effect depends solely upon the personalities of Miss Kelly and Mr. Braden. (November 30.)

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NOTES FOR THE NOVEL-READER.



THE NOVEL OF THE WEEK

HOW convenient it can be to take refuge in what other people say, as a safe-guard from one's own possible thick-headedness! In discussing "The Confessions of Felix Krull," by Thomas Mann (Secker; 18s.), I shall begin with the safeguard. Professor Erich Heller said: "With 'Felix Krull' the world receives from Thomas Mann the gift which German literature has almost proverbially withheld from it: the great comic novel." There you have in a nutshell both the effect aimed at, and the assurance that for some people it is realised. And To can even defer frankness a little longer, with another couple of quotations. Thomas Mann himself said in an interview: "As I 'm getting on in age I 've become more and more impatient for opportunities to make people laugh—to make them laugh constructively." And in Part Three his "confidence man" observes:

It's not my custom, my dear marquis, to take life as a joke. Frivolity is not my style, especially in the matter of jokes; for certain jokes are pointless if they are not taken seriously. A good joke does not come off unless one approaches it with complete seriousness.

jokes; for certain jokes are pointless if they are not taken seriously. A good joke does not come off unless one approaches it with complete seriousness.

To the incurably frivolous Anglo-Saxon, these excerpts may begin to suggest why Germany has "withheld the great comic novel"; and, incidentally, why the present fragment is so long. They embolden me to add that it is not overwhelmingly funny—not in the vulgar sense; certainly no funnier than "The Magic Mountain." Though, on the other hand, it has immense gusto and idiosyncrasy from start to finish.

Felix, its narrator and virtuoso, is the son of a Rhenish manufacturer of infamously bad wine—a kind of parody of champagne: and is himself a kind of monkey-artist, a parody of the creative temperament. Seeming attracts him more than being. He is a "natural costume boy," and universal genius in posse; and since the world longs to be deceived, and in Bacon's phrase, "a mixture of a lie doth ever add pleasure," he is a philanthropist into the bargain. On all these grounds—and as a unique being, a creature of "finest clay"—he has unlimited moral scope. At first this higher blamelessness expresses itself in stealing sweets, and in a little playful forgery. Then, after the collapse of the champagne business and his father's suicide, Felix evades conscription by an "epileptoid" attack, migrates to Paris—happily acquiring a small jewel-case on his way through the Customs—and is installed as liftboy at a fashionable hotel. Next comes his promotion to the restaurant, an embarrassment of tributes to his divine beauty and "miraculous" gift for love, and, finally, the ideal "by-path": he changes identities with the young Marquis de Venosta, and starts on a nobleman's grand tour.

Admittedly, this has the air of a picaresque novel. But even in the earlier stages it has more the effect of a harangue: thanks to the hero's ample and complement to much and then in Portural, the didactic return to much and then in Portural, the didactic

very judicious company through a long book; and one may find his self-praise and laboriously detailed antics rather too much. And then in Portugal, the didactic element runs riot and becomes a thing in itself. It has astonishing vitality; it is uniquely Mannish; but it is not fiction.

astonishing vitality; it is uniquely Mannish; but it is not fiction.

OTHER FICTION.

Whereas "Living in the Clouds," by Charles Humana (Longmans; 12s. 6d.), is intensely fiction. This writer began well—and rather oddly—with "A Lover for Lucia"; and now the oddity has worked deeper in, and produced something really gripping. Alphonse Paillard is an unstable, at moments infantile, young man with an idde fixe: It must be possible to live without work. Work, money—they are the enemies of life, freedom, fulliment; and he is determined to keep clear of them. But as yet he can't say how. And when Alphonse knows himself to be right, but can't say how, he has a way of exploding "simply, truly," into acts of violence. Unless the person intimidates him, when he will cut and run. He ran away from his father at Moulins; and now he is in headlong flight from Cécile—who has kept him for two years, ever since his "fresh start" in Paris. Originally this was not weakness, but common sense; why find a job, when he had a rich, beautiful, mature woman to support him without working? Originally, it was common sense. Yet now he feels enslaved and smothered, and is rushing off again to make a truly fresh start.

The first result is his collision with a lame girl. Indeed, it is the only result. He finds himself instinctively clinging to Henriette; he takes a miserable little room at the Trois Sergents, where she is a chamber-maid, and there addresses himself to living without money. For it can be done. . . But he has not the remotest idea how; and at the crisis of his experiment, Henriette is not intimidating enough. One can't convey the intensity, brilliance, and, in minute details, reality of this nearly half-witted struggle. It must sound hudicrous—but try it.

"Kumari," by William Buchan (Duckworth; 12s. 6d.), is non-fiction again, or not-quite fiction. It is a first novel; and its structure is unimproved by a superfluous narrator, and a naïve system of flashbacks, reality the work of the proposed of the sub-cities between Armin a

BOOKS OF THE DAY.

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BOOKS OF THE DAY.

Not this pre-Christmas collection of children's books, I am rather at a lost as to where to place "Ludmila: A Lagend of Liechtenstein," by Faul Callico (Schoel pele); 63. Admires of hooks by Mr. Callico and as "The Snow and the Callico and the Callico and Love of Seven Bolls," well knowled haven on the brink of, but nover lapses into, sentimentality, and a polished craftsmanship which makes the most difficult of all forms of writing seem casy simplicity. His new story is an enchanting one. It is sturred to Liechtenstein, soo that above the Rhine Valley, but whose hopeless ambition nevertheless was to be the finest cow led at the head of the annual procession from the high pastures to the valley, the work of the annual procession from the high pastures to the valley. How St. Ladmila for yourself. It is a story for the older children, and for yourself. It is a story for the older children, and for yourself. It is a story for the older children, and for yourself. It is a story for the older children, and for yourself. It is a story for the older children, and for yourself. It is a story for the older children, and for yourself. It is a story for the older children, and the past of the story is an article in the official ready in the past of the story is an article in the official ready in the past of the past of the story is an article in the official ready in the past of the past of

Another sporting figure who is justifiably a hero to schoolboys is Roger Bannister. The first man to run the mile in under four minutes tells in "First Four Minutes" (Putnam; 15s.) the story of his career as an athlete from his school days, through Oxford, to his triumphs in 1954. It is a fascinating story, extremely well told. For the middle-aged and sedentary, it is chastening to read that "for nearly ten years I have run twenty-five miles a week," which "brings a joy, freedom and challenge which cannot be found elsewhere."—E. D. O'BRIEN.

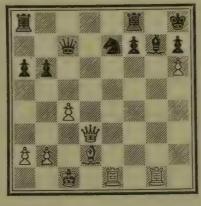
CHESS NOTES.

By BARUCH H. WOOD, M.Sc.

I WAS rather amused by an article in the official Swiss chess magazine recently, entitled "A Comedy of Errors."

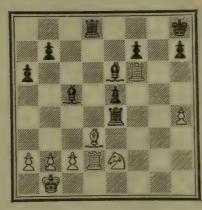
Two positions were given from a tournament at Rapperswil, which was a qualifying event for the next Swiss championship.

Here is the first:



Black, his bishop attacked, played not 28... B-B3, which would have been safe, but 28... B-K4? and after the reply 29. R×B!, promptly resigned, as 29... Q×R would have been answered by 30. B-B3.

The next position was more complex:



White now played 25. R-R6, and, says the Schweizerische Schachzeitung, normally most reliable of publications: "25....R×B! inflicted on White 'un dur réveil.'"

I just can't see it! I should now reply 26. P×R, and await the outcome with calm. Presumably Black now intended 26...B-K6; but 27, P×R, B×R (Q7); 28. R-B6 accomplishes all White wants; Black cannot even trap the rook (28....B-KB5?; 29. Kt×R, K-Kt2; 30. Kt-R5ch).

White's 25. R-R6 held a—seeming—threat, namely, 26. $R \times Pch$, and now 26. $K \times R$?, $B \times Rch$, followed by 27. $R \times R$, would be unpleasant. Black can, however, answer 25. R-R6 by 25....B-K6 and then 26. $R \times Pch$? by 26....K-Kt1, after which 27. $B \times R$, $R \times R$ leaves White in the soup.

The comedy was therefore more profound than either the players or the Swiss editor realised. Black's "brilliant" winning move should have lost, whilst he overlooked another which would have won!



To many of our readers, our regular contributors need no introduction. They are old friends whose various talents enliven our pages throughout the year. Of our five regular artists, each is outstanding in his own field. Mr. G. H. Davis' diagrammatic drawings lay bare the complexities of ship-design, nuclear power stations, space satellites, and other technicalities that would dazzle the mind in cold print. Captain Bryan de Grineau's quick [Continued opposite.]



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"IN AN ENGLISH GARDEN."

Continued.]
pencil has caught a wealth of fleeting action and ceremonial, as well as the architectural beauties of famous schools and the fascination of far countries. Mr. Neave Parker's striking studies of wild life and his evocations of prehistoric animal life are at once imaginative and authoritative. The clarity, accuracy and vision of Mr. Alan Sorrell's archæological drawings help vividly to recreate the past. Mr. C. E. Turner's drawings of aircraft and ships are notable [Continued below, left.







MR. E. D. O'BRIEN."
"BOOKS OF THE DAY."

MRS. ROMILLY JOHN.

Continued.]
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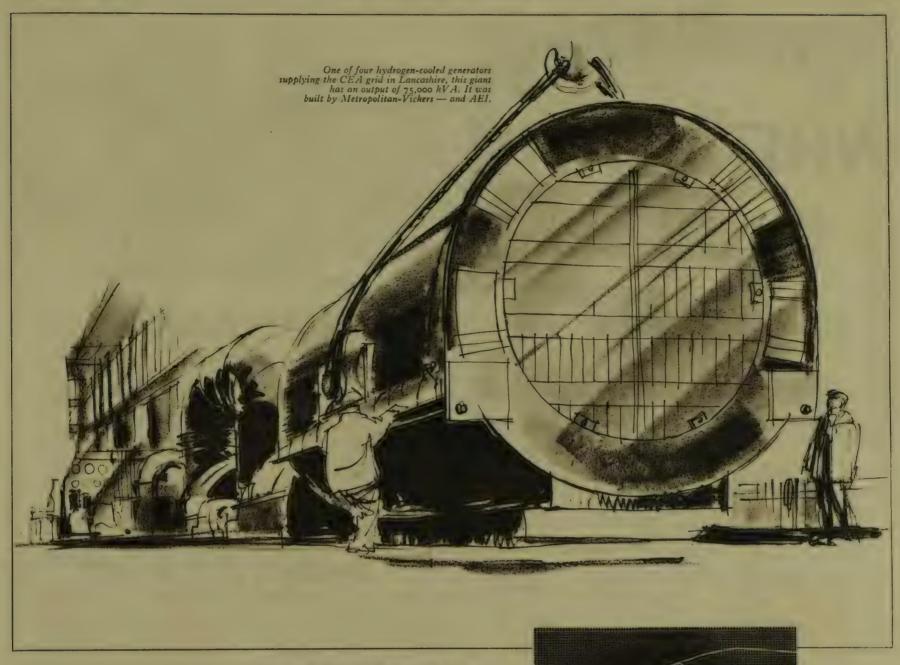
MR. BARUCH H. WOOD, M.Sc. "CHESS NOTES."



MR. J. C. TREWIN. MR. ALAN DENT.
THE WORLD OF THE THEATRE." "THE WORLD OF THE CINEMA.



Continued.]
Burton's articles on Natural History prove how engrossing the best scientific writing can be. Mr. Clarence Elliott's wise and witty gardening talk, and Mr. Frank Davis' discerning art commentary are popular features, while Mr. Baruch H. Wood's chess notes tantalise and intrigue enthusiasts. Lastly, there is our team of critics—Mr. J. C. Trewin, Theatre; Mr. Alan Dent, Cinema; Mr. E. D. O'Brien and "K. John" (Mrs. Romilly John), Literature—all of whom express lively opinions with wit, style and vitality.



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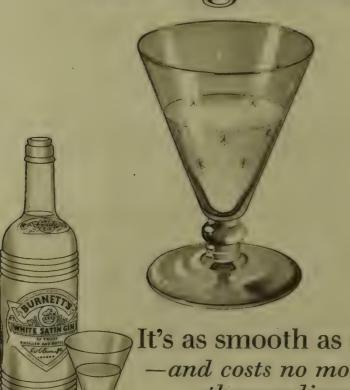




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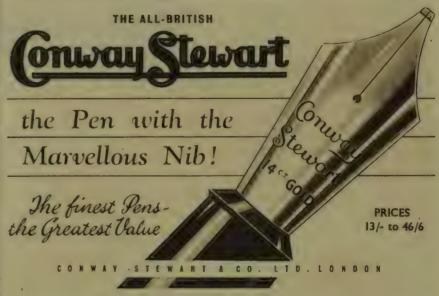


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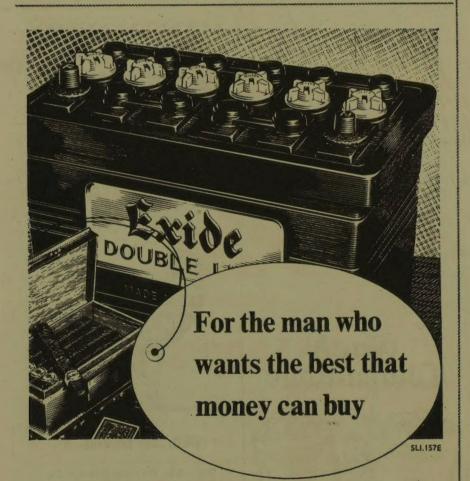


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Bertram

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DEC. 20 to FEB. 4

ROYAL PERFORMANCE DEC. 21 AT8 p.m. SEATS FROM 8/6d

Children half price (except Saturdays) at Matinee performances from Jan. 16 to 20 and all performances from Jan. 23 to Feb. 3

REDUCED PRICES FOR PARTIES

For further information, call, write or telephone Box Office Olympia: Fulham 3333 or agents



* Schweppervescence lasts the whole drink through

